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By the men . . . for the men in the service

COLOGNE, 1945

"The issue is victory or destruction."

MARSHAL HERMANN GOERING, 1943

PORTRAIT OF A TIRED SOLDIER. An army advances because the individual doughs in the line advance. Most of them keep moving; some of them fall; others, like Pfc. Joseph Ieradi of Philadelphia, Pa., do their job until weariness is etched in every line of their bodies. YANK's Pfc. Pat Coffey made this photo at the 80th Division field hospital on the Third Army front in Germany.

Allies Govern Germany

When we take a German city, we take its problems, too. Cologne has typhus, ruins and displaced persons—all Allied headaches.

By Cpl. HOWARD KATZANDER
YANK Staff Correspondent

COLOGNE, GERMANY—Every morning Pfc. Gerard L. Banville of New Bedford, Mass., takes up his stand on the Kaiser Wilhelm Ring near the Military Government office here with a bundle of folded newspapers under his arm. Other bundles tied with twine are at his feet. The newspaper is *Die Mitteilungen*, published by the Twelfth Army Group Psychological Warfare Branch for the people of Germany.

Banville doesn't call out the headlines. He doesn't have to. He has plenty of customers. They stand around him in a patient circle waiting to be handed their copies. It is the first time in many years that they have been free of Goebbels' propaganda press, and they walk away eagerly scanning the first page of this new newspaper.

These people have turned away from the New Order of their Nazi masters. And today they look to us to order their lives for them. They are docile and obedient. They are calm and dignified in the presence of our GIs and obviously anxious to be friends. They are a little resentful of our policy of nonfraternization; their feelings are hurt by the inference that we do not consider them fit associates.

They are "Who? Me?" Germans, the injured innocents, a type that we are going to see a lot of for months to come. They have seen that Hitler's ship is sinking and have deserted. When you talk to them about the misery they have brought on the world and on themselves their reaction is: "Who? Me? Oh, no! Not *me*. Those were the bad Germans, the Nazis. They are all gone. They ran away across the Rhine."

They lose no opportunity to tell you of their resentment at the manner in which they were abandoned by the Nazis. They tell you over and over how the Nazis decided as far back as last September 16, which was when Patton was running out of gas, that they would surrender Cologne without attempting to defend it. They want desperately to have us believe that they are "good Germans," lovers of beer and potato dumplings and Rhine wine and good music. They have no apparent consciousness of their own responsibility for the war, and their eyes are set on a post-war world in which they hope to be able to salvage something from the ruins of their homes and their lives.

Their methods for gaining our friendship and winning our sympathy are various. When you stop a jeep to ask the direction to the Court House they do everything but open a vein and draw maps on their shirt fronts in their own blood to make sure you understand. They'll change a tire for you with lightning speed and apologize for not being able to repair the leaking tube because German patching materials are so inferior. They'll cook you an excellent meal and serve you your portion of GI steak while beaming down on you with the same motherly amusement at your lusty appetite that they would turn on members of their own families.

They will take you into their homes—those who still have anything that can be called a home—and they will make sure that you see all the crucifixes and Bibles with which they have surrounded themselves. But there are too many German homes with crucifixes on the walls whose closets are crammed with Nazi leaflets and Nazi books and Nazi uniforms and Nazi ceremonial daggers. The people of Cologne apparently were great ones for joining things. In almost every ruined home there is some kind of uniform from one or another of Hitler's little "lodges," through which he gathered almost everyone in Germany into some corner of the Nazi fold.

Some citizens of Cologne read Military Government proclamations posted on the outside of an air-raid shelter

It is true that the Nazis deserted this city with its inhabitants still dazed by one of the heaviest in 33 months of air raids. They left it in the lurch and abandoned the people to whatever fate the Americans might have in store for them. They went off across the Rhine, blowing their last bridge and taking with them almost every man and woman who might have helped to alleviate the distress of the people they were deserting. They left drought and disease behind them, a fact eagerly seized upon by the remaining people as proof that the Nazis had no regard for them because they were not associated with the Nazis in their prime.

The job inherited by the Americans who drove across the Rhine was a formidable one. Somewhere between 50,000 and 100,000 people—the best estimates ranged around 80,000—were living in air-raid shelters, in cellars and in the battered ruins of their homes. There was a full-fledged typhus epidemic raging through the lice-infested public shelters, the Gestapo-controlled prison and even the hospitals. There were no city officials and few public employees—no services of any kind. Hardly a street remained that was not pitted by giant craters or blocked by huge mountains of rubble. The city was paralyzed.

PARALYSIS seized Cologne on Friday, March 2, which the people refer to simply as: "*Ach, der Freitag.*" Until that day, despite several thousand-plane raids—Cologne was the first German city to be hit by thousand-plane formations—all the streets were open. There were milk deliveries into the city. The *Koelnische Zeitung* was being published daily. One could go to the bank, draw some Reichsmarks, and then go shopping for some French silk hose and pause for a beer at the Domhof or the Excelsiorhof, near the famed Cologne Cathedral, before going on to the movies. One's cellar was crammed with pickles and sauerkraut in huge crocks. There were jams and jellies in a wide assortment on the shelves. There were potatoes and carrots in the root bins, and cabbages, too. Occasionally one could find an egg or a piece of meat, and if not there was frequently fish. Life was hard, but most people agreed that it was livable.

Then, on March 2, at 1000 hours, the RAF came over in one of its infrequent daylight raids. There were 850 planes, and they dropped a bomb load of 3,000 tons. They swept over the city diligently, block by block, using the RAF's technique of night-pattern bombing against a city under full daylight observation. The effective-

This French girl, Odette Bettinville, was put in a cell in the Gestapo prison in Cologne for distributing propaganda leaflets and aiding Allied prisoners. For these crimes she was thoroughly beaten and tortured by her Nazi jailers.

S/Sgt. John Smoller helps a French woman out of the Gestapo prison. She was lucky; other prisoners had to be carried out in stretchers or under sheets. In many of the cells political prisoners died of beating, starvation or disease.

ness of the raid was conclusive and the paralysis was complete.

That night, the remaining Nazi officials of Cologne called together the municipal officials and announced that henceforth there would be no municipal government in the main part of Cologne, which lies west of the Rhine. All the officials were ordered to cross the river with the city records into the collection of some 20 suburbs which comprise the main workers' quarters. There are reports that loudspeaker trucks went through some streets—those that were open—announcing this decision and urging all residents of Cologne to depart.

Either immediately before or immediately after the Friday raid, there was one last food registration which listed 98,000 people. This figure did not include approximately 100 Jews, all who remained of many thousands, or the displaced persons, none of whom were entitled to food-ration cards.

The exodus began that night over the two main vehicular bridges, the Hohenzollern and the Hindenburg. Sometime between that Friday night and the following evening the Hindenburg Bridge fell into the Rhine. Some people say there were 4,000 people crossing at the time, and that it collapsed under the weight of this throng and scores of vehicles, including two heavy tanks. The first military opinion was that the bridge had been blown, and it is possible that there was a premature explosion of the demolition charges. At any rate, the loss of life was heavy, although some estimates of the number on the bridge at the time range down to 500 persons.

The exodus was not a great one. Most of the people who had remained behind after the bulk of Cologne's pre-war population of 906,000 had cleared out seemed to prefer the uncertainty of their fate at our hands to the certainty that a withdrawal across the Rhine would only be the first of many such retreats.

AFTER the exodus came a period of waiting during which there was almost no movement at all in the streets of the ruined city. The people say that only 1,000 German soldiers were left to provide a token resistance when we entered Cologne. The civilians remained holed up in their shelters and cellars during the fighting, coming out only after the silence told them that the battle was over.

The bulldozers and tank dozers of the combat units which occupied Cologne immediately began the job of clearing its main streets. Advanced elements of the Military Government team assigned to the city followed in their wake to find suitable quarters for offices. Bodies of victims of the Friday raid and of the fighting for the city still littered the streets. More than 300 were buried after the first occupied areas were cleared.

The first problem was the protection of our troops against the typhus epidemic, rumors of which had reached our forces from prisoners taken in the advance on the city. Capt. James W. Moreland of San Bernardino, Calif., a Military Government medical officer, quickly traced the epidemic to its source in the Klingelputz Prison, a Gestapo-ruled pesthouse for political prisoners of all shades from those whom the Germans call simply the "politically undependable" to Communists whom Nazis regard as their greatest enemies. About 85 to 90 prisoners, men and women, remained out of several hundred originally at Klingelputz. These were too weak from starvation and disease to be ferried across the Rhine.

The *Luftschutzbunker* (air-raid bunkers) were another breeding ground for typhus. They are towering, square structures of windowless, steel-reinforced concrete which dot most German cities. The typhus cases were removed from the bunkers and all the remaining occupants, in fact, all who came into the shelters, were sprayed with DDT powder. Civilians were told to wear the same clothes for at least three days and not to bathe during the time—an unnecessary injunction since there was hardly enough water for drinking.

The people of Cologne were not slow to discover the whereabouts of the Military Government. Almost from the first hour the offices were open a steady stream of people filtered through the doors with all manner of requests and offers of information and assistance. From the first of these who spoke English, the CIC quickly screened out a handful to take over the job of answering simple routine questions and to serve as interpreters in situations not involving military security. Others were hired to clean out the building and make it habitable. Still others were put to work reconditioning the few serviceable vehicles in the city for use by whatever officials would be appointed, and for hauling supplies.

A candidate was quickly found to serve as police chief. He was Karl Winkler, a Jew who had adopted the Catholic religion. He had served as a police official before Hitler, but was quickly replaced by the Nazis because of his Jewish background. A police force of 300 was appointed to deal purely with civilian police problems.

A food survey was begun and almost immediately large stocks were uncovered. Eight large warehouses, forming part of a *Wehrmacht* QM depot down on the river front, were full of canned foods and staples such as rice, apple butter, cheese, flour and sugar. People had broken into a large meat warehouse, where there was danger of the meat spoiling because the refrigerating equipment was out of order, and had carried off huge portions.

The people's clothes were generally good. The workmen usually wore a heavy denim coverall of gray or blue. Other civilians had suits of good materials and the women were neatly dressed. There was none of the outward evidence of the strain of a war economy that one found in other areas, partly because the Rhineland, like Normandy, is a rich agricultural area and, again like Normandy, disruption of the transport system had prevented shipment of food to the areas that needed it more.

Another problem was getting the banking system working again. The Germans had spirited most of the cash out of Cologne, but, anticipating this, the frugal citizens had emptied their bank accounts and most of them go around dough-heavy now with nothing to buy. Some money was found. The vaults of the Dresdener Bank and the Deutsche Bank yielded 3,800,000 Reichsmarks, which may be enough to resume the banking business. Two officials of the Deutscher Bank, which was leveled in the Friday raid, were living in the cellar of the ruined building, sleeping in front of the vault doors.

The factory manufacturing *Koelnisches Wasser* No. 4711, which the French call Eau de Cologne and we know simply as Cologne, was smashed to rubble.

NAZIS were as rare as whole buildings in Cologne. There were, of course, the usual quota of *Wehrmacht* members who had donned civilian clothes, but they were no trouble. Many of the civilians reported that numerous Gestapo agents had been left behind to discourage cooperation, but there was no sign they were succeeding.

One man did fall into our hands who would have difficulty denying his politics. He is Josef Mingels, a tall, pale blond youth wearing a zoot-suit-cut tweed jacket. He was *Unterbundfuehrer* of the Hitler *Jugend* in Cologne, second in command of the Hitler Youth. Mingels was interviewed by our CIC investigators and questioned about the records of his organization. He said they had been removed across the Rhine. He said that he had no records, absolutely none. However, we found the charred remains of some of the Hitler *Jugend* records on a pile of rubble behind Mingels' house and another pile, unburned, in a closet. He was arrested and tried by a Military Government summary court presided over by Maj. James D. Clement, of Kansas City, Mo., with Capt. Arthur E. Elliott, of Joplin, Mo., as associate. Mingels' counsel, a German civilian attorney, made a stirring plea for his client. He said Mingels didn't know he was supposed to turn the records in. He said the records were old and no longer of any importance, and Mingels had just forgotten about them. He said Mingels had burned other records before we had entered the city.

But the court sentenced him to seven years' imprisonment and fined him 100,000 Reichsmarks. And if the fine is not paid, another 30 years will be added to the prison term.

There was one point which Mingels' attorney tried very hard to put over. "He was not under oath when he was being questioned," the lawyer said. "And so it was no crime to have lied."

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GI Questions from GIs

By Cpl. MAX NOVACK
YANK Staff Writer

THE GI Bill of Rights has become the most discussed piece of soldier legislation in American history. Much of the discussion, unfortunately, has been based on misinformation and wishful thinking. In an effort to clear up some misunderstandings, YANK recently ran a page of questions and answers on the general provisions of the law. Since then, there has been a flood of questions about details not covered in the earlier article.

To try to answer these questions systematically, YANK has prepared a series of pages taking up separately such major benefits of the law as unemployment compensation and home, business and farm loans.

This questions-and-answers page deals with the educational benefits of the GI Bill of Rights.

Is it true that *all GIs* regardless of their age are entitled to at least one year of free schooling under the GI Bill of Rights?

■ That's correct. Only veterans who are dishonorably discharged or who do not meet the 90-day qualifying provision are out in the cold on the free schooling.

I was 22 years old when I was inducted and have now been in service for four years. How much free schooling am I entitled to under the GI Bill of Rights?

■ If you pass your first year of schooling successfully, you will be entitled to a total of four full years of study at the Government's expense. Because you were under 25 when you entered the service, you get added periods of free schooling (in addition to the one year indicated above) measured by the length of your military service. Since you have had more than three years of service, you are entitled to three additional years of free schooling.

I am 35 years old and I was not in school when I went into service. Is there any way I can get more than one year of free schooling under the GI Bill of Rights?

■ No. Veterans who were over 25 when they entered the service are limited to one year of free schooling unless they can prove their education was interrupted or delayed by going into the service.

I have been making plans about my education and have decided I will study engineering. The school I have selected charges $625 a year for tuition. I know that the maximum tuition paid under the GI Bill of Rights is $500. Will I be permitted to go to that school and pay the additional tuition myself?

■ You will. The $500 limit in the law does not mean that a GI cannot, if he can afford it, go to a school charging more than $500 a year.

The school I am going to go to after I am discharged doesn't charge very much for tuition. A full course only costs around $275 a year. I know that the Veterans' Administration will pay my various fees, but that still will leave a big margin under $500. Can I pocket the difference?

■ No. When the tuition and fees are less than $500 a year the difference does not go to the veteran.

The college I have selected takes a two-week vacation at Christmas time. Does that mean I will not get my share of the $50 subsistence during those two weeks?

■ It does not. The subsistence allowance will be paid during *all* regular school holidays but not during the summer vacation.

I landed in France on D-Day and I have hopes of being demobilized after the defeat of Germany. If that happens, I am planning to ask for my discharge right here in France, with the idea of going to school at the Sorbonne. Will my fees be paid for under the GI Bill of Rights if I go to school here?

■ If the school you have selected is on the recognized list of the Veterans' Administration (and there is no reason to suppose that the Sorbonne will not be) you can get your tuition paid under the GI Bill of Rights. A veteran can go to school anywhere he pleases as long as the school is recognized by the Veterans' Administration.

Although I was under 25 when I enlisted I had already completed my undergraduate course. Will I be permitted to take graduate work (i.e., on a master's or doctor's degree) under the GI Bill of Rights?

■ You will. You can take *any* course leading to *any* degree or no degree as you please.

I am a first lieutenant and I have heard conflicting stories about the right of men of my rank to get in on the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights. Can I or can I not go to school under the GI Bill of Rights?

■ You can. Rank has no bearing on a veteran's right to the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights.

I am not planning to return to my home state when I get out of the Marines. Does that mean I will not be eligible for the educational benefits of the GI Bill of Rights?

■ It does not. Your post-war place of residence has no bearing on your right to the benefits.

How soon after I get out of service must I apply for the educational benefits of the GI Bill of Rights?

■ You must apply for these benefits within two years after you are discharged or two years after the officially declared termination of the war, whichever is later. In this regard you should remember that this country was not officially out of the first World War until July of 1921.

If I go to school under the GI Bill of Rights, will the Veterans' Administration pay for my books, laboratory fees and other fees required by the college I select? While these fees may not amount to a great deal of money they are part of the necessary expense of going to college and would take a big chunk out of the $50-a-month subsistence I would be getting while going to school. Will they pay these fees?

■ The maximum amount that the Veterans' Administration will pay is $500 a year for tuition and fees combined. Among the fees that will be paid are laboratory, health, library, infirmary, etc., as well as the cost of books, supplies, equipment and other necessary expenses.

I am a Regular Army man with 10 years of service. When this war is over I would like to go to school under the GI Bill of Rights. However, I have heard that only those who came in under the Selective Service law are entitled to the free schooling. Is that true?

■ It is not true. Both regulars and selectees who served on or after September 16, 1940, are entitled to these benefits.

I happen to be lucky enough to be stationed within a few miles of a large university and I would like to know whether or not I can start taking advantage of the educational benefits of the GI Bill of Rights while I am still in service?

■ No, you cannot. Benefits of the GI Bill of Rights are available only to veterans who meet the qualifying provisions of the law. To qualify you must have been discharged with something better than a dishonorable discharge and have had at least 90 days of service. If you are discharged because of a service-connected disability, you do not even have to have the 90 days of service.

I am planning to go to a school where I will have to live on the campus and therefore will have quite a bill for board and lodging. Will the Veterans' Administration pay for my board and lodging as part of the necessary expense of going to school?

■ No, but it will give you a subsistence allowance that you may apply on board and lodging.

Where do those of us who were in ASTP stand on the free schooling under the GI Bill of Rights? Is it true that our ASTP time counts against us in figuring our total service and the amount of free schooling we are entitled to?

■ Your time in ASTP will not count against you unless it was spent in taking a course of study which was a continuation of your civilian training and which you carried to completion in service. Thus, if you were thrown into a medical course after you had been studying art in civilian life, the ASTP time doesn't count against your right to the free schooling. Even if you were studying medicine in civilian life and went to medical school in the Army, but were thrown into the Infantry before completing your medical course, your ASTP time would not count against your right to the free schooling.

My husband and I are both in service and we would both like to take advantage of the educational benefits of the law when we are discharged. Can we both get our tuition paid and do we each get a subsistence allowance while we go to school?

■ You are both entitled to tuition and subsistence allowances. Between you, you will get $125 a month for subsistence. You are entitled to $50 a month and your husband to $75 a month. He gets the $75 because he has a wife and you rate the $50 as an individual veteran.

Is it true that if we take the mustering-out pay we cannot take advantage of the free educational benefits under the GI Bill of Rights?

■ It is not true. Mustering-out pay has *nothing* to do with the GI Bill of Rights. Mustering-out pay is based entirely on place of service and length of service. Nearly all honorably discharged veterans are entitled to mustering-out pay. In addition, they may take advantage of the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights.

I was wounded in the invasion of France and I am going to be discharged because my wounds have left me with a permanent leg injury. I understand there is some kind of a special deal which provides free schooling for disabled vets. I had been told that it is better than the educational provisions of the GI Bill of Rights. Can you tell me something about that set-up?

■ Since you have a service-connected disability you may be entitled to the special vocational training and rehabilitation which is provided for such veterans. Under this program a veteran can get as much as four full years of free schooling with free transportation to the school, and while he is in training his pension is upped to $92 a month if he is single, or $103.50 a month if he is married, with $5.75 extra for each of his children. There is no ceiling on the amount of tuition the Veterans' Administration will pay under this plan. It is entirely up to the veteran whether he chooses to take advantage of this program or of the educational benefits of the GI Bill of Rights.

Yanks at Home Abroad

Bulldozing, Wac Fashion

NEW GUINEA—A new high in promoting was achieved here recently by a bunch of ADSOS Wacs in need of a rec hall. With nothing on hand but the idea, these Wacs asked some friendly Seabees over on their afternoon off and incidentally suggested that the Seabees bring along a bulldozer. The willing Seabees, panting for feminine companionship, brought the dozer and, at the further suggestion of some of the prettier Wacs, cleared an area and agreed to leave the bulldozer there overnight.

The next day the Wacs really turned on the Seabees and "took their names off the book." This meant the Seabees couldn't get back into the area and consequently couldn't reclaim their dozer. The Wacs then proceeded to go out for the next few weeks with no one who couldn't produce something in the way of scrap lumber. The only way to a Wac's heart in those days was through mention of six sheets of plywood or a keg of eight-penny nails.

The Seabees finally got their bulldozer back. The Wacs invited them over for a party one afternoon, after some other Seabees had built the rec hall on *their* afternoon off. Everyone considered it a very nice gesture.

—Sgt. OZZIE ST. GEORGE
YANK Staff Correspondent

REUNION IN EGYPT. On a rest leave from the Fifteenth Air Force in Italy, T/Sgt. Robert Bartlett sees the sights with his sister, Pfc. Edith Bartlett Shafer, who is stationed with a WAC outfit in Cairo.

Bomb-Disposal Squads

ALLIED FORCE HEADQUARTERS, ITALY—There is at least one rear-echelon job as tough as most combat work, and that's the job given to bomb-disposal squads.

These boys sometimes work far behind the sound of artillery, but they go through enough danger for anyone. Their job is to deactivize or otherwise get rid of unexploded bombs. At first they were organized into companies, but now they work in seven-man squads, with one officer to every six enlisted men.

During the battle for Cassino, one of these squads had to remove a German time bomb that landed right in the middle of a main highway. "We couldn't wait for a safety time to go by," says 1st Sgt. James Milas of Seneca, Ill., the squad leader, "so we started digging it right out. No one knew when it would explode. We had to work one man at a time."

Another time, German torpedo bombers dropped an aerial torpedo on an airport building outside Naples. It hung by its parachute lines from the corner of the building, four flights up. Before the bomb's propeller stopped turning, Lt. Gilbert Lafreniere of Wamesit, Mass., and Sgt. Andrew Hudock of Smock, Pa., were at work. Hudock's job was to climb to the roof of the building and make the torpedo fast with rope. Then Lafreniere shinnied up the wall and disarmed it.

Occasionally squads will go out of their own territory to help the Engineers remove booby traps and mines, and sometimes they have even exploded large marine mines for the Navy. They also take on ammunition fires, when dumps or freight cars are hit.

Some of the men were picked because they worked in explosive or ordnance arsenals, but most of them are like T-5 Louis Billeli of Norristown, Pa., who worked in the circulation department of a newspaper, or T/Sgt. Edward Wiard of Columbus, Ohio, who worked for a metal manufacturing company.

—Sgt. JOHN L. MURPHY
YANK Field Correspondent

Tuba Too Bad

PHILIPPINES—Filipinos use the palm tree for food, housing and clothing, but what interests GIs most is the local art of making from it a highly potent drink called *tuba*.

Making it is easy. A branch at the treetop is cut off a foot or so from the trunk and the sap is collected in a bamboo container. Mixed with tanbark to give it a red color and preserve its sweetness for a two-day period, the *tuba* is ready to drink at once.

Drunk within a few hours, *tuba* is mild and refreshing, but in three or four days it develops a powerful kick. Medics say it holds almost as much wood alcohol as "jungle juice," the lethal New Guinea drink made by letting the water of a coconut stand and ferment. So local bulletin boards now have signs telling the GIs to stick to dehydrated lemonade until the beer gets here.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

GI Junk Yard

ITALY—North of Leghorn on Highway 1 is a GI junk yard run by a lieutenant, a sergeant and a pfc. It is supposed to be the biggest salvage depot in the world and includes a half-mile long "mass reduction" plant, where Italian ex-PWs tear down a truck every 11 minutes.

Lt. Robert McCarney of Bismarck, N. Dak., bosses the show, aided by Sgt. Kenneth Kellog of Helena, Mont., and Pfc. Sam Douds of Washington Courthouse, Ohio. They get some vehicles in a matter of hours after they're been hit at the front, and it's their job to see what can be salvaged from them. They moved into the spot two days after the infantry moved out and they've been going strong ever since.

The prize possession of the GI junkers is a shiny red fire truck. They built it themselves from spare parts of wrecked Fifth Army vehicles.

—Sgt. JOHN MURPHY
YANK Field Correspondent

BIG MONEY. S/Sgt. John A. Gillespie (right) of Atlanta, Ga., got $1,396 in a single pay check at a post in India after combat in the jungles of Burma for nine months and hospitalization for four months.

Fickle Fawn

AN ALEUTIAN BASE—A fickle female is the caribou, especially the Aleutian breed. On this island the old story repeated itself when a caribou called Hedy went from soldier to soldier until she found the man with the pie.

Hedy was only a fawn when she met Cpl. Graydon E. Ryan, a mechanic, last spring on a mountainside near this base. Ryan brought her to camp and kept her warm and well-fed until she grew up, with 10-inch horns. She had a very nice home with the motor-pool men. But one day she ran away.

Hedy had developed a fondness for the island's mess sergeant at almost exactly the same time she learned to like pie—any kind of pie, all flavors—and chocolate cake. Now she hangs around the mess hall all the time, eating leftover pie, her old motor-pool friends forgotten.

They say the mess sergeant treats Hedy like a beast and call her "that goddam animal" when she overturns garbage cans. She takes his abuse humbly, along with the pie, in the manner of females since time began.

—Sgt. MARK C. WALL
YANK Field Correspondent

Pigeons in Panama

PANAMA—When Pfc. Ralph Kutnik of Chicago, Ill., handed in his MP badge and began tending pigeons for the Army, he felt right at home. Kutnik used to handle pigeons in civilian life and had always insisted he was guarding the wrong kind of birds as an MP.

Kutnik and five other men in the Headquarters Pigeon Section of the PCD trained pigeons before the war. Naturally the only man in the section who didn't is the chief pigeoneer, T/Sgt. Howard L. Willis of Kennedy, N. Y. Willis has come to know and love the birds, however. "They're just like race horses," he says. "They have to be handled with kid gloves. You know, even their chow is a secret grain mixture especially prepared in the States."

T-5 Hubert Lisicki, formerly of the Good Sports Racing Pigeon Club of Cleveland, Ohio, is in charge of the night flyers. T-4 Andrew Ruscak of Youngstown, Ohio, and T-5 Harry Werrman of Syracuse, N. Y., look after the day birds.

Homing pigeons are carrying vital messages on every battlefront. They even tell a story down here of a censor who wanted to delete a line from a correspondent's copy that said: "One of our pigeons failed to return." The censor said this couldn't be mentioned until the next of kin was notified.

—Cpl. RICHARD W. DOUGLASS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Walking Booby Trap

FORT BENNING, GA.—It takes a long time for some of the little stories of war to come to light. Here is one that S/Sgt. Melvin J. Kittleson of Oakes, N. Dak., now of the Infantry School, told concerning the fight by the 4th Infantry Regiment when it was eliminating the Japs from Attu.

One of the American soldiers found in a Japanese machine-gun nest what he thought was a long stick of candy wrapped in red waxed paper. The soldier tasted the candy. It was evidently a cheap grade, for it was gritty, but at the same time it was sweet. After he had eaten half of the stick, another soldier who read Japanese identified it as dynamite.

"What happened to the soldier?" Kittleson was asked.

"Oh, he became quite unpopular. No one slapped him on the back for several weeks."

—YANK Field Correspondent

High-Octane Java

ABOARD A CARRIER IN THE WESTERN PACIFIC—Never let it be said again that the Navy runs on oil. It runs on coffee. You can't take five steps on this ship without falling over a sailor with a cup of java.

In addition to the huge coffee makers in the mess rooms, there are at least 100 "wildcat" pots aboard. They range in capacity from two cups to 10 gallons, and are located in fire rooms, electrical shops, carpenter shops and other key points.

In the aviation electrical shop the men even have private cups. They are kept in a wall cabinet and each bears its owner's name, just like a shaving mug in an old-time barber shop.

—Cpl. JAMES GOBLE
YANK Staff Correspondent

On a ship off Iwo marines are getting set to climb over the side and get into the landing barges. One rifleman is helping another to adjust his pack.

The marines headed for the beach after a terrific rolling barrage was laid down by Navy warships. In the background is Iwo's volcano, Mount Suribachi.

Camera on IWO

THE pictures on these pages were taken by YANK photographer Pfc. George Burns, who landed with the Marines on Iwo Jima. They show something of the unsparing, bitter fighting which the Marines had to go through before they cleaned the Japs out of the little island, 750 miles from Tokyo. American casualties were 19,938. Of these 4,189 were dead, 441 missing and 15,308 wounded. The estimated number of Japs killed was over 21,000.

Troops hit the beach from a landing barge. The 4th and 5th Marine Divisions made landings on the first day and the 3d Marine Division on the third day.

They had good weather on the first day, until rough weather closed in. Lined up along the edge of Green Beach, landing craft disgorge supplies in the rain.

At first they were pinned down in the gritty, volcanic sand of the beach by Jap mortar and artillery fire, then they began to break out and move inland.

Camera on IWO

Troops trying to take Mount Suribachi ran into a group of Japs holding out in small caves and heavy brush, and used flame throwers to scorch them out.

Before the marines could take all of Iwo they had to blast many Japs out of caves. But the Japs in this picture (lower right) came out voluntarily to surrender.

These two marines, one wounded, with his arm in a sling, were snapped by the photographer as they ran for cover after being caught in the open by sniper fire.

Emplaced in the iron-grey sand, a 37-mm gun is working on targets on Mount Suribachi. The mountain was taken from the Japs four days after the landings.

A plane flies in to drop blood plasma by parachute. The medics who used it kept up their reputation for bravery during the fighting on Iwo.

Greenstone's truck fell over a 50-foot embankment.

He hung around with the medics and shot the breeze

east of Manila. A lone MP there didn't know where anybody was, where anybody had gone or where anybody was supposed to go. The guerrillas disappeared in the darkness. Greenstone and the other driver sat around awhile, and then there was a scare—"200 Japs coming down the road!" "We scrammed," Greenstone says, "though it turned out there were only two Japs."

They scrammed back to Grace Park, took a wrong turn and wound up with some of the 8th Cavalry's Engineers near Rizal Avenue. It was about 2200. Greenstone got ready to hit the sack in the cab of the truck he'd acquired. But a lieutenant in a jeep got stuck a few yards away and asked Greenstone to pull him out. Greenstone did. Then another officer came by, saw Greenstone's truck under way and said, "Back that job over here." Greenstone did, and some engineers loaded it with TNT. The officer got in a jeep and

A TOUR OF MANILA WITH

T-5 Jerome Greenstone

Sgt. OZZIE ST. GEORGE
YANK Staff Correspondent

MANILA—T-5 Jerome Greenstone of Youngstown, Ohio, is a requisition clerk in an ordnance medium maintenance company. Ordinarily the job of a requisition clerk in an ordnance medium maintenance company is concerned with nothing more exciting than piston sizes, spark plugs, battery cables and sundry allied items.

During the drive on Manila, the 1st Cavalry Division, putting everything it had on wheels, needed more trucks. The division called on its attached units, including Greenstone's outfit, for 8 trucks and 16 drivers. With T-4 Olaf H. Olson of Aurora, Ill., Greenstone was routed out of his sack at 0200, pushed into the cab of a 2½-ton and told to "follow the truck ahead of ya." It was his first trick at the wheel of a 2½ in nine months.

The convoy bumped south until 0700, pulled to the side of the road and waited until 1100, then loaded 5th Cavalry Regiment troops and rolled south again until 1800. The 5th Cavalry unloaded and the trucks waited until 2300, then started back for more cavalrymen. They rolled north most of the night.

En route Greenstone piled his 2½ off a 50-foot embankment. "Our convoy was hitting 40 miles an hour," he recalls, "driving blackout, of course. The truck ahead of me didn't have a tail light. It turned and I didn't, and then everything dropped out from under us." Olson was skinned and bruised. Greenstone was unhurt, but his carbine got tangled in the 2½'s gear shifts. Olson crawled out and yelled, "Are you hurt?" Greenstone yelled back, "No, but I can't get my carbine out of the four-wheel drive." Olson thought Greenstone had been knocked loopy.

Greenstone left his carbine and joined Olson at the top of the embankment. A lieutenant found them there and put Olson in one truck and Greenstone in another—an 8th Cavalry Regiment Engineer Battalion vehicle—as assistant driver. When the convoy reached its destination, somebody put Olson in a jeep and sent him back to his company. Greenstone didn't know anything about that for a week.

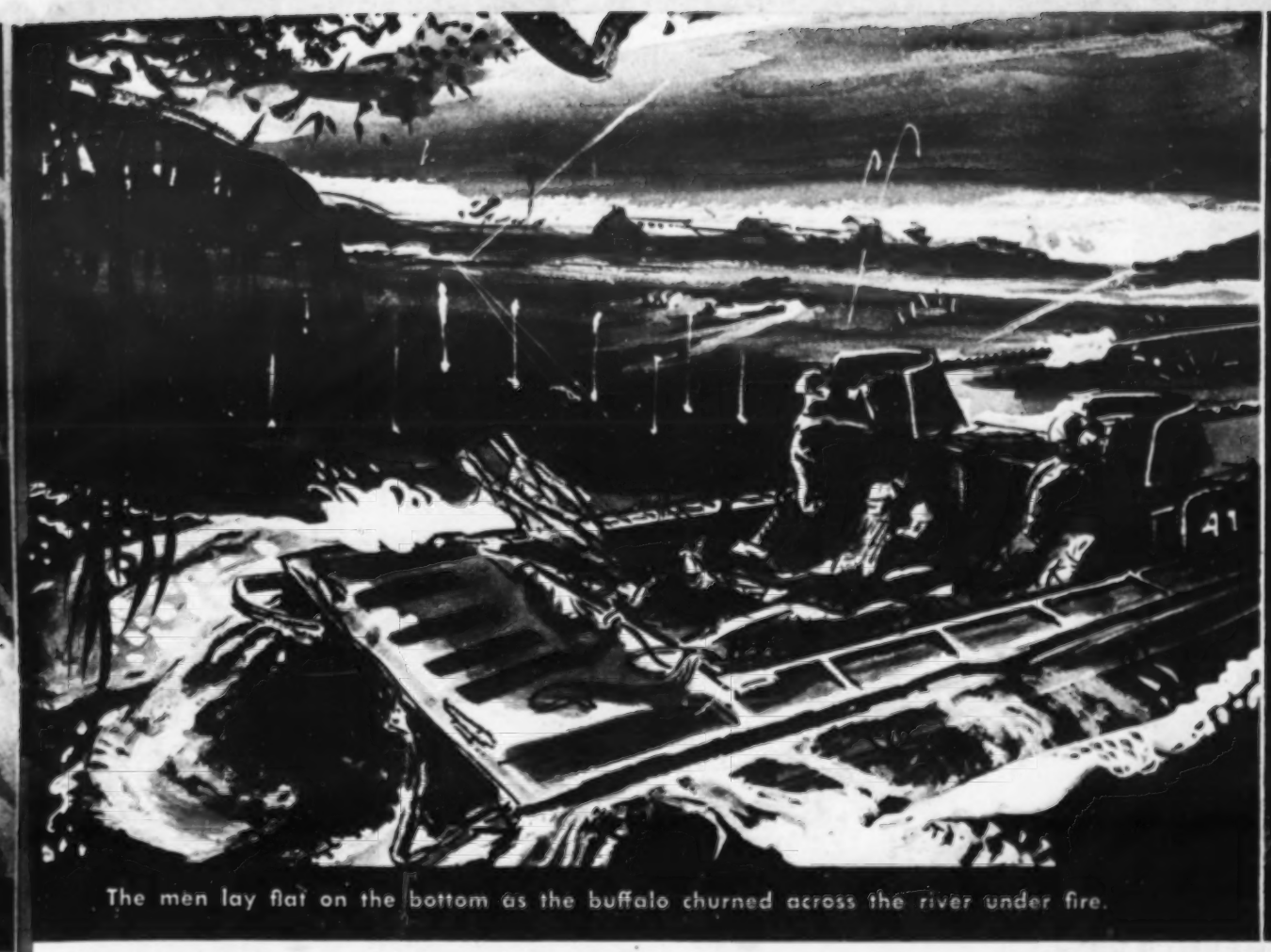
The convoy loaded guerrillas and started south again. At about this stage of the game Greenstone asked somebody where he was going and if he could maybe go back after his toothbrush; nobody had said anything about where he was going when he left his company and consequently he'd come away with nothing but a gun and a helmet, and both of them were in the piled-up 2½. "Hell no, soldier," he was told. "You're going to Manila."

So Greenstone went to Manila. At Grace Park on the northeastern outskirts the convoy was held up. Most of the drivers left their vehicles and hit the dirt for a little sleep. But Greenstone drove 20-odd guerrillas to the Grace Park airstrip. The guerrillas combed the strip and adjacent areas for lurking Japs, and that night just after dark the colonel told Greenstone to take them back. Greenstone and another truck took them back to a small town a few miles north-

told Greenstone to follow him. An engineer was hanging on the side of the 2½, and Greenstone found out from him that he was driving a demolition truck slated for work on the fires raging in downtown Manila.

The officer ordered the 2½ to the head of the column as they reached Rizal Avenue. Greenstone balked and said, "I haven't got a gun, sir." The officer gave him a carbine and Greenstone drove down Rizal Avenue at the head of a column with a load of TNT while sniper's bullets smacked and bounced on the pavement around him. The column got downtown all right, but by that time somebody had changed his mind and the explosives weren't used after all. Greenstone spent a couple of hours on his belly next to a curb. Then somebody told him to take the truck back to the 37th Division CP. Greenstone found the 37th CP after blundering around awhile with his load of TNT and spent an uncomfortable night in his cab with one billion mosquitoes.

He hung around the 37th CP all next morning. An officer asked him once what outfit he was from. "The 3— Ordnance Medium Maintenance Company," Greenstone told him. The officer blinked a couple of times. Greenstone explained hastily that he was attached to the 1st Cavalry Division, or rather the 5th Cavalry Regiment, then the 7th Cavalry Regiment, then three com-



The men lay flat on the bottom as the buffalo churned across the river under fire.

Greenstone managed to talk a Filipino guerrilla out of an M1.

A requisition clerk who left his ordnance outfit for a short truck-driving detail winds up in Manila transporting TNT and helping out front-line medics under Jap fire.

panies of the 8th Cavalry Regiment's Engineers, and now, he guessed, the 37th Division. The officer blinked a couple more times, shook his head and slowly walked away. About 1400 somebody came by and told Greenstone he might as well take the truck back to the 8th Engineers.

The 8th Engineers, having never seen Greenstone in daylight, didn't know him from Adam, but they recognized their truck and claimed it. They fed Greenstone too, and he hung around with them the rest of that day and all night. The engineers were moving, and he filled in as a driver once or twice. During the night a Jap sniper killed two guards in the engineer area.

IN the morning the lieutenant colonel who had grabbed Greenstone at Grace Park told the T-5 his company was due to move up in a couple of days and officially detached him from the engineers. "That was the only time," Greenstone says, "that I was officially hired or fired by anybody." Greenstone inquired around and found a number of people who had never heard of the 3—Ordnance Medium Maintenance Company or its whereabouts. At loose ends he then decided he might as well look up his brother Jesse in the 112th Medics, the medical battalion of the 37th Division. He found the 112th Medics a few blocks north of the Pasig River—and found that his brother had gone home on rotation. That should have discouraged anybody, but Greenstone hung around with the medics and shot the breeze. One of the medics—Pfc. Merle E. Hienamen—was from Youngstown, too. He got acquainted with a couple of others, Pfc. John A. Gablehouse of Yakima, Wash., and Pfc. Bud Weiser. Greenstone didn't hear where Bud was from or what his real name was. Bud was tall, over six feet, and to carry a litter he had to drop one shoulder.

"You can never say enough for these guys," Greenstone insists. "I didn't have anything so they fed me, gave me cigarettes and a blanket, and gave me some stuff to wash with."

About 1600 a call came into the battalion for eight litter-bearers. Gablehouse, Hienamen and Weiser were going up with them, and Greenstone asked if he could go along. They rode up in a jeep, then walked. There was still some street fighting north of the Pasig River, and infantrymen were crossing the river in buffaloes. Four wounded came back from the south bank. While the medics treated them, some Filipinos brought coffee. Greenstone got a cup too. One of the medics put a shot of rum in it. "Best coffee I've had in a long time," Greenstone says.

Word came back that the litter-bearers were to move up and cross the Pasig. Again Greenstone tagged along. "I didn't know my able-sugar-sugar from my elbow," he says. "I didn't have a helmet or a gun. But then those guys (the medics) didn't have any guns either." The squad moved up and loaded into buffaloes. They lay flat on the bottom while the buffaloes churned across the river. Bullets cracked against the sides and hissed in the water alongside. The buffaloes' MGs above their heads hammered back. Greenstone had that "what am I doing here" feeling.

Across the river the medics and Greenstone hit the holes the preceding infantry had dug. Then they moved out at 20-foot intervals, hitting the dirt every 15 or 20 yards in the face of sniper fire. They traveled that way for about 600 yards, or until they reached the 3d Battalion Aid Station of the 129th Infantry Regiment, established in a park. There Greenstone got a helmet from a wounded soldier. Some wounded were waiting in the aid station to go back to the river, and the litter-bearers began to evacuate them. Greenstone helped with one litter, stepped in a hole along the way and, falling but still holding to the litter, scraped the skin off the backs of his hands.

THE squad returned to the park and dug in for the night. Greenstone slept in a hole with four medics. Jap 20-mm stuff was dropping around the aid station. Two duds landed 40 yards away. "We heard them hit the ground," Greenstone says. About 0200 hours some combat engineers, blasting a path through the brick embankment that lines the south bank of the Pasig, set off a charge that all but lifted the GIs out of their hole. A couple of hours later the squad had to evacuate a badly wounded man. Greenstone went along on that trip, too. "We were afraid the engineers might set off another blast while we were near the river," he says. Back in their hole they sweated out the dawn. "The only guy that slept any that night," Greenstone thinks, "was an ambulance driver who'd been on his feet for 72 hours. He slept a couple of hours."

In the morning the squad made coffee in a helmet. The aid station was under mortar fire all that forenoon. At about 0930 a Jap 90 got a direct hit on a Yank mortar squad dug in about 20 yards from Greenstone's hole. One of the men disappeared in the burst, blown to bits. The medics and Greenstone went after the others and got three of them. One of them, a concussion case, was temporarily blind. Greenstone recalls that when the mortar landed everybody hit the dirt except a doctor, a captain who was treating a wounded man, and two medics who were administering plasma. "We were so tired by then," Greenstone says, "that we could hardly walk, but when another guy was hit a couple of hundred yards in front of the aid station the medics went after him." Greenstone started to go with them, but a sergeant—a guy named Tony—noticed there was an extra man in the squad and asked Greenstone who he was and where he was from. "The 3— Ordnance Medium Maintenance Company," Greenstone told him. The sergeant said, "What the hell are you doing up here? Go on back." Greenstone went back to the aid station.

He didn't think he ought to stay, but at the same time "there was so much to do and those guys were so doggone tired that I didn't think I ought to go back either. I thought if I could help at all I ought to stay."

At noon, when the aid station moved forward, he went with it. The station crossed a chest-deep stream, caught up with the infantry in a large open field and established itself in the lee of a small ridge, 20 yards behind the lines. The field was under sniper fire, and litter squads carrying casualties back to the Pasig took two guards along to protect them. Greenstone missed a couple of those trips because he still didn't have a rifle. Then he met a guerrilla with an M1 and a carbine and talked him out of the M1. The Japs laid down a 20-mm barrage that boxed the aid station. Greenstone hit the ground as one shell exploded six feet away. "I saw the green flash," he says, "and I thought I was hit, but it was only the concussion that hurt my leg." He left his spot and scrambled under a house. The barrage lifted.

Wounded Filipinos were coming into the station by then. The medics ran out of litters and splints. A GI smashed a door with his foot to get splints. Two other medics came in with a soldier with the top of his head blown off. It had taken them four hours, under sniper fire, to reach him. Hienamen, Gablehouse, Weiser, the sergeant named Tony, Greenstone and another GI took the soldier to the rear, four carrying while two guarded against sniper fire. "We were so tired by then," Greenstone says, "that we changed off every 15 yards." Sniper fire popped above their heads. On another litter a wounded infantryman demanded that the litter-bearers "put him the hell down on the ground."

They got the wounded across the creek in a native boat. A bridge and some jeeps were across the Pasig by then, and the wounded went part way by jeep. At the Pasig they were loaded aboard buffaloes. The litter-bearers (and Greenstone) started back to the aid station but were caught and pinned down by a short artillery barrage. Greenstone helped dress the wounds of a Filipina girl hit by shrapnel.

AGAIN Tony asked him, "Why the hell don't you go back?" Greenstone said he would. He shook hands all around with the medics. They started across the field. The last he saw of them they were hitting the ground as another short round exploded in front of them.

Greenstone caught a jeep to the Pasig and an LVT to the medical battalion. He spent the night there and next day hitchhiked to Grace Park and found his company. His CO said, "Where the hell ya been?"

Next day he was back making out requisitions.

THE INTERIOR OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL WITH THE FLOOR COVERED BY RUBBLE, MOST OF WHICH WAS SHAKEN FROM THE ROOF BY BLAST AND VIBRATION.

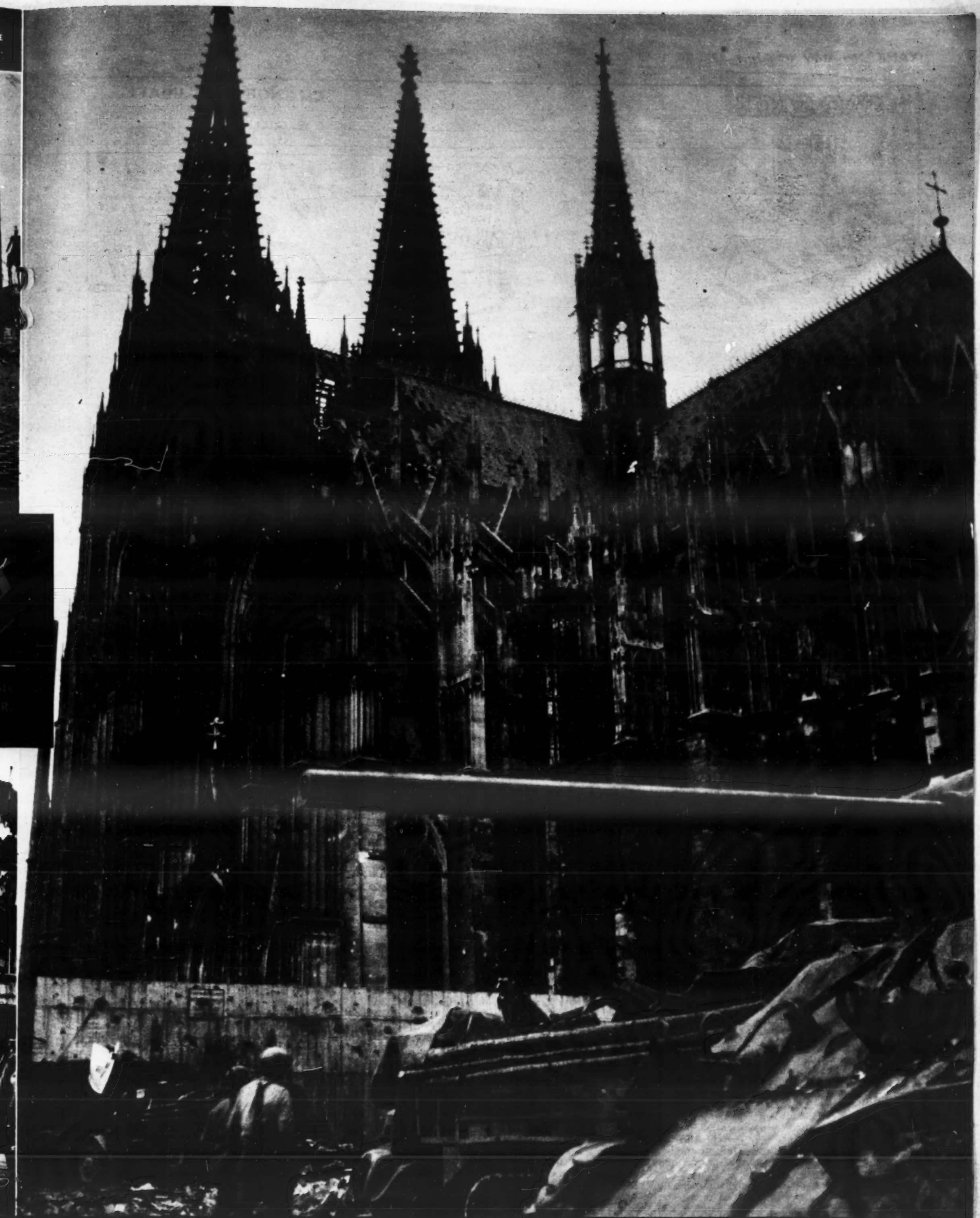
A GI LOOKS TOWARD THE ENTRANCE OF THE HOHENZOLLERN BRIDGE ON THE COLOGNE SIDE OF THE RHINE. THE GERMANS DESTROYED IT AFTER RETREATING TO THE EAST BANK.

Cologne

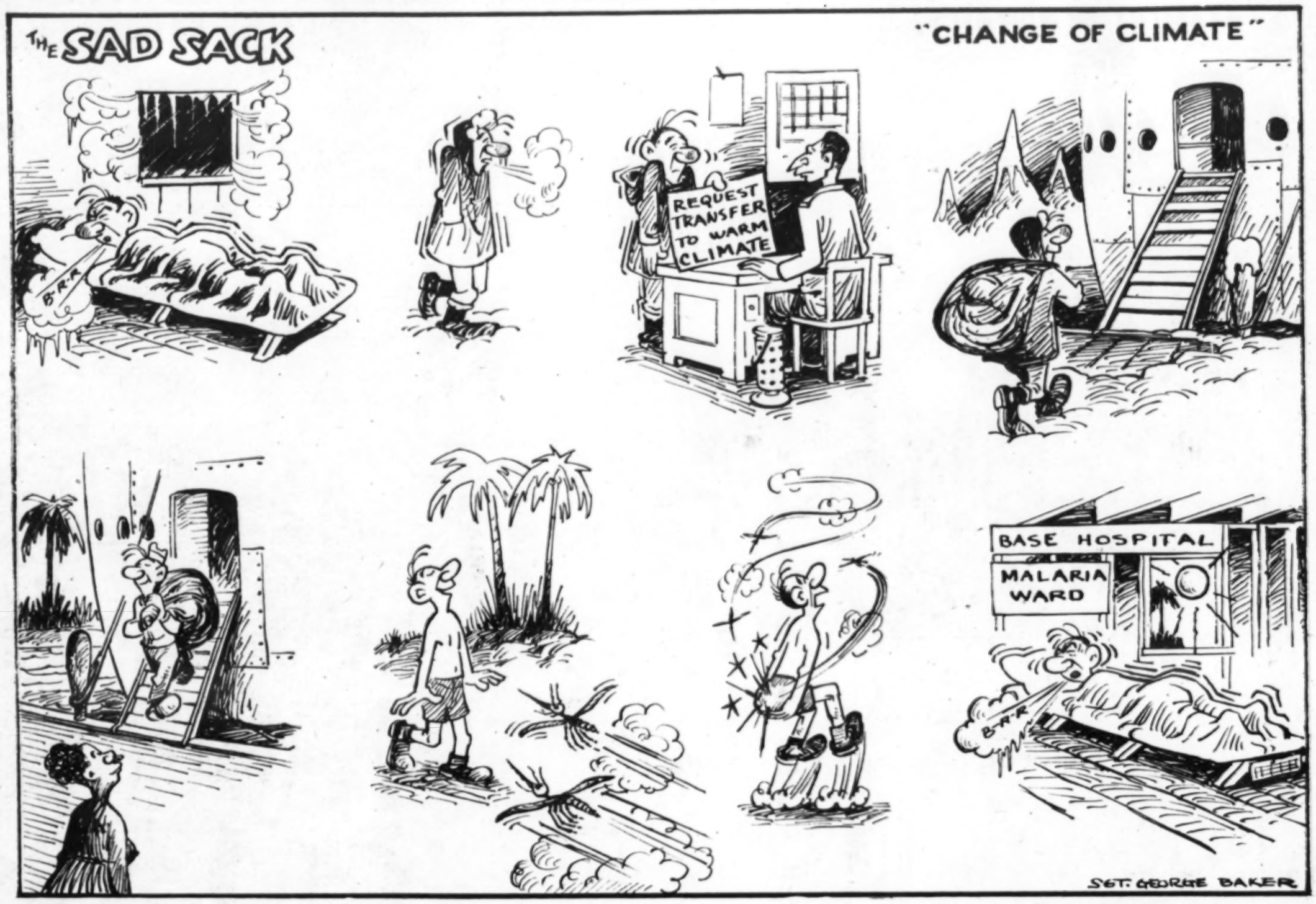
YANK'S SGT. REG KENNY TOOK THESE PICTURES WHEN GIS ENTERED COLOGNE, LEFT IN RUINS BY YEARS OF WAR.

WHITE FLAGS OF SURRENDER HANG FROM THE BUILDINGS WHILE GERMAN CIVILIANS AND FREED LABORERS WANDER AIMLESSLY ABOUT IN THE STREETS.

THESE ARE SOME OF THE KRAUT PRISONERS WHO WERE MARCHED THROUGH THE STREETS ON THE DAY THAT SOLDIERS OF THE FIRST ARMY TOOK OVER COLOGNE.



THE GUN ON A SHERMAN TANK JUTS OUT IN FRONT OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL. BOMBERS AVOIDED THE CATHEDRAL IN RAIDS ON THE CITY AND AMERICAN TROOPS WERE ORDERED NOT TO FIRE ON IT. AS A RESULT IT ESCAPED ANY SERIOUS DAMAGE. THE TWO TOWERS OF THE FAMOUS STRUCTURE ARE EACH 511 FEET HIGH.



Rough as a Cob

By Sgt. BOB McBRINN

GERMANY—Old Bill ain't with us any more. I don't guess he could take it after what happened at Wiltz when we brought in them Krauts. They were Volkstrom or whatever they call those Nazi civilians.

Bill and me were civilians together back home in Arkansas. I was the soda skeet at Smith's drug and Bill was the county law-enforcement officer. Bill never did like to be called a peace officer; said it sounded too peaceful. He liked law-enforcement officer; that sounded big and rough and tough like Bill was. It wasn't until he caught the Yokley twins selling their pop's home brew that he considered himself a smart cop. Bill used to tell the boys down at the fire station that a good law-enforcement officer had to be "rough as a cob and slicker'n a school teacher's elbow."

Well, Bill and me ended up in the same outfit and hit the beach together at Omaha. I was a pfc in the headquarters outfit and Bill was a buck sergeant in the MPs. He had a great time with the PWs, yelling at them to move along and git. I've seen him stand there and lecture them on law enforcement when not a damn one of them knew what he was talking about. But old Bill liked it, and it made him feel kind of important. Anyway, we didn't have any trouble with the prisoners that Bill handled. Bill said that was because he was "a little smarter than most folks."

When we hit the Our River, Bill had become a character of the outfit, not to mention a staff sergeant in charge of prisoner escort. And old Bill didn't get stuck up over the promotion either; he just said them things come to men that was smart.

About two weeks ago they brought in a couple of six-bys full of Jerries and turned them over to Bill for processing.

"Fall in, you mangy looking bastards," he'd scream, stomping around and snorting like a young bull. He explained this as part of the stuff he dished out to let them know who was boss.

This particular day the Old Man and some high brass were down from corps and Bill was putting on a better act than usual. "Now don't any of you supermen try any funny business!" He aimed this at one of the more cowed prisoners of the lot. "Old Bill has worn out more barracks bags in this war than you have shoes." That was one of the Old Man's favorite expressions and Bill knew it. He was playing a smart game.

Bill poked around through the prisoners' crap they had laid in front of them. Every now and then he would pause in front of one of the Krauts and snort a little. You didn't have to look far to see that old Bill was the headman. When the processing was over, Bill and his crew loaded the Jerries in trucks and took them to the central collecting point. Old Bill had delivered another batch without a hint of trouble.

Well, next day I was setting in the orderly room nosing through the latest directive on this 30-day TD business back to the States, when one of the sergeants from the central collecting point came in and asked to see the Old Man about them prisoners we delivered yesterday, so I took him in to the CO. In a few minutes the sergeant came out and the Old Man screamed at me to come in. He told me it's important that I get old Bill over there right away. The old man looked like he'd just swallowed his uppers.

I hotfooted it across to the barn we were using as a billet and found Bill lecturing the men on "scientific crime detection as applied to the Nazis." At least that's what he said it was, and he was using a lot of big words. When I told him the Old Man wanted to see him *muy pronto*, he started babbling about citations, promotions and a chance to see Paris.

Well, Bill went in to see the CO and I glommed onto a crack in the wall to see what was happening, 'cause I had found out that even in an orderly room it pays to be smart and know what's going on. Old Bill strode up to the desk, clicked his heels and ripped off a highball that started a draft through the room. The Old Man never said a word, just smiled, opened the desk drawer and handed Bill an old worn-out brown billfold. It was Bill's wallet. Bill took it, and I thought he was going to wilt. I gulped so loud that I almost didn't hear the CO tell Bill that it was found on one of the prisoners he processed yesterday. Yessir, one of them Krauts had pinched Bill's wallet while he was strutting around acting so important.

By this time Bill was looking mighty sick and mumbled something to the Old Man. The Old Man said he understood and he would work out something tomorrow. Bill left the outfit the next day kind of mysterious-like, and only me and the CO knew what had happened about Bill and the wallet.

Would you like to meet old Bill? He's the new guard at the Red Cross at Luxembourg. I'll drive you down there if you'd like, but you'll have to wait until I process these Krauts that came in today. Want to watch? We do it slicker'n a school teacher's elbow.

CPL. CECILIA SULLIVAN
Moody Army Air Field, Ga.

SGT. JOY HAMM
Maxwell Field, Ala.

CPL. CLARICE WILSON
Craig Field, Ala.

Most Photogenic Wacs of the EFTC

The judges, convalescent combat veterans at the Maxwell Field (Ala.) station hospital, decided that the young lady above was the prettiest girl in the Eastern Flying Training Command. She is Pfc. Paloma Roberts of Greenville, Miss., and she outsmiled the seven other finalists shown on this page. All eight were chosen from their photographs, out of a field of 70. The contest was run by the *Training News*, which is a civilian paper circulated to members of the command.

CPL. MARY SIMKO
Tyndall Field, Fla.

CPL. VERNA DUKE
Maxwell Field, Ala.

PVT. FLORA SANCHEZ
Greenville Army Air Field, Miss.

CPL. HAZEL E. YOUNG
Cochran Field, Ga.

Youngest Generation

The little red schoolhouse has had its face lifted; there are mobile desks for footloose tots and classes are informal.

By Pfc. DEBS MYERS
YANK Staff Writer

DES MOINES, IOWA—It's a revolutionary thing, partly brought on by the war, and probably no good will come from it, but most of the kids in the grade schools no longer hate their teachers.

Lots of the little turncoats even like to go to school. They think school is fun. Now and then there's an unbowed young rebel who scribbles dirty poems about the teacher on the walls of the boys' toilet, but most of the kids have gone whole hog for the theory that the teacher is their pal, meandering with them through the painful straits of spelling.

It works pretty good, too. Even the teachers seem to be getting an education.

The idea nowadays seems to be that the teachers try to teach the kids some of the things kids want to know. For instance, in most grammar schools, the boys and girls in the upper grades don't concern themselves much any more about that ridiculous old Tuscan named Lars Porsena beating out his brains trying to kill Horatius and get across a river called the Tiber and take Rome. Instead, these modern youngsters have been worried more about a man named Eisenhower getting across the Rhine and taking Berlin.

It's natural in these days that the students and the teachers should be on closer terms. With hundreds of thousands of fathers in service and many mothers working, teachers have practically had to become unofficial parents. It's had a mellowing effect all round. Some crusty old killjoys steeped in bookish cynicism suddenly have become reasonably human again. They have found that most brats, once you get to know them, aren't nearly as loathsome as they seem at an academic 10 paces.

The kids have made discoveries, too. They have learned that teachers laugh and sometimes cry and have runny noses just like other people.

Because their own lives have been touched by it, the kids follow the war closely. They want their dads and brothers to win the war and finish this miserable business of making like soldiers and start making like dads and brothers again.

Unlike some of their elders, the kids don't get entangled in the technicalities of war issues. When Miss Rebecca Bergman asked her sixth-grade class at Jonathan Cattell School what the students thought should be done with Hitler if and when he was captured by the Allies, the answer was unanimous: "Kill him."

"Maybe the Russians will get him first," 12-year-old Bob Swanson said hopefully. "Then we won't have to worry about it."

It's pretty hard for some of the companies publishing textbooks to stay abreast of war developments. This sometimes results in understandable indignation among the students. For instance, 11-year-old Neal Llewellyn brought Miss Bergman a school book containing a poem entitled "Little Maid of Far Japan." You may recall how it goes:

Little maid upon my fan,
Did you come from far Japan?
What a tiny oval face.
Do you like this other place?

Neal inquired of Miss Bergman: "Whassa matter with 'em? Don't they know there's a war on?"

The map makers in particular have trouble satisfying the patriotism of youthful students. Most maps were frozen in mid-1939, the map makers figuring there wasn't any use in rejiggering their work until the war ended and the treaties were worked out. Such maps show Prague to be a German city, and youngsters who have learned in school how the Czech people were overrun by the Germans think that this is unfair and that the maps should somehow indicate that Prague really belongs to Czechoslovakia. In many schools, students have prematurely changed Prague back to a Czechoslovakian city.

In some classrooms the kids have installed big maps of the world. On these maps are placed colored pins signifying where soldier and sailor relatives of the students were when last heard from. In this way the students learn a surprising amount about places which sometimes even the teacher never heard of before. All of which may be tough on Pappy out in the Pacific or deep inside Germany, but it's great for teaching geography to little Willie.

The stimulation by teachers of war discussion applies, in most schools, only to children from the fourth grade up. As much as possible, teachers in the first, second and third grades shield the boys and girls from the war. There's no talk in the lower grades about two jeeps and four jeeps making six jeeps. The younger generation still does its problems with apples and dollars. Most teachers feel that the impact of the war on youngsters 6, 7 and 8 years old is powerful enough without emphasizing it at school.

Students of geopolitics at the Webster School, Des Moines, Iowa, study a globe.

MISSING from the desks in most schools nowadays are the old-fashioned inkwells. Youngsters don't write much with ink any more. The absence of the wells doubtless cuts down home laundry bills, but it also removes the fun of boys dipping girls' pigtails in ink. And that's a shame, because pigtails are currently fashionable.

There are other and bigger differences in the modern schoolroom. Most of the time, for example, it's permissible for one student to whisper to another, unless the whispering interferes with general classroom work. If a boy wants to borrow an eraser or line up the telephone number of the pigtailed babe in the next seat, he can lean over and give with the words without the risk of the teacher zeroing him in with a history book.

The New Freedom has resulted in the abolition of note exchanging, a surreptitious but engaging practice which formerly enabled students to trade views on the black-heartedness of teachers and pass along background information on certain words in the dictionary.

Mobile desks have also contributed to the abandonment of once-necessary undercover operations in the schoolroom. Thanks to the installation of movable desks, an amorous tyke who yearns for the perfumed tresses of little Susan can, if he chooses, slide his desk over next to hers and inhale ecstatically—so long as he doesn't do it in a cadence disturbing to the room's Good Neighbor policy. There's always the danger, of course, that besieged Susan may not take kindly to his attentions and haul off with a looping right. In that event, what the Army calls disciplinary measures will be taken.

But today's educational methods and attitudes are such that as a general thing it is more difficult to get a reputation for being a bad boy in school than it used to be. So long as students don't interfere with someone else teachers are amiably broad-minded. These modern kids don't know, or seem to care, what they're missing.

There appears to be a general feeling among contemporary teachers that if Willie is bent on being a jackass, they can go just so far in hindering him in his chosen career. They reason, soundly enough, that being a smart aleck may pay off later on. Look at some of the guys on the radio.

The basic reason for the changes in classroom discipline is the belief of modern educators that democracy works as well for children as it does for adults. There are still a few teachers around who believe in whacking kids with rulers or making them stand in corners. But usually teacher tries to sell students on the idea that they shouldn't interfere with their classmates by cutting untoward capers. Sometimes, putting the democratic idea to the jury test, teachers check

with the rest of the class on what to do about an unregenerate student. Quite often, the class will rule that nobody is to have anything to do with the culprit. The quarantine treatment seems to eliminate most of the fun of showing off.

"Teachers learn," said Miss Bergman, "that democracy is a great weapon, even in a classroom. Students, when they have a chance to settle something by their own votes, usually work out good answers."

Educators agree that the radio is having an important effect on children. There have been about six million words spoken and written on this subject, and the upshot seems to be that no one knows whether the effect is good or bad. Either way, the kids like to listen to the thrillers beamed for their benefit. Still popular is that clean-limbed old cowhand, the Lone Ranger, who's always ready to whip out his gun or a cow-country cliché. He still bounds tirelessly over the prairies chasing evildoers, and the kids bound over the dials just as tirelessly chasing the Lone Ranger. The program has tinged youthful vocabularies. Seemingly normal little boys leap out at unnerved strangers making like a six-shooter and talking cowboy talk.

THE girls still do better at English than the boys, and the boys do better at arithmetic than the girls, possibly reflecting a disposition of the the girls to concentrate on their figures later.

Most of the stories the kids read in school now are new ones and better ones. There is a needled-up version of the piece about the miller with the flaxen-haired daughter, but there's still no traveling salesman in it. Gone from the books in most schools is the story about the Dutch boy who stood around with his finger in a dyke. The story is gone because kids nowadays would want to know why he didn't plug it with a broomstick or something and go home and listen to the Lone Ranger get down to cases with his faithful Indian friend Tonto.

Missing also is the story about the Spartan boy who hid a stolen fox in his shirt and then suffered in silence while the fox chomped on him hungry-like. When that story is tried on the boys and girls of this generation, they think the Spartan boy was a fool who got what was coming to him. They side with the fox.

In many classrooms, the students are allowed to memorize poems of their own selection instead of those the teachers like. As a result, students generally ignore that old stand-by, "The Village Blacksmith," but they still like "The Highwayman"—which, as you may remember, deals with a raffish George Raft character of a few hundred years ago and his raven-tressed girl friend, name of Bess.

Cornered privately, away from the other kids, most students admit they like to go to school. To admit to liking school is something that is never done in front of other students. Take Bob Swanson, the boy who thought the Russians were the proper people to take care of Hitler. Bob has his

Second-graders still fidget in their school seats.

own views on the war, on school, on most things, including girls. "Girls," he says, "talk too much."

Bob is red-haired and a little freckled, and he plans to be the greatest shortstop since Hans Wagner. The current crop of shortstops he doesn't consider so hot. He admits that Martin Marion of the Cardinals is a "right good fielder." "At the plate, though," he says, "this Marion stinks."

Concerning the war, Bob doesn't have any phony notions about how much fun it is to sleep in the mud. "I'd rather be a sailor," he says. "There's less walking."

"The best thing about schools," Bob says, "is playing with other guys. It would be better if there weren't any girls. Girls talk too much. Girls stink. School usually is all right if the teacher is all right. Miss Bergman, she is all right. Some teachers are terrible. Some teachers stink."

Miss Bergman said that teachers attempt these days to stress the similarities between Americans and people in other lands, instead of emphasizing the differences as they once did. "We teach the students that most people, in most lands, share the same feelings and the same hopes," she said. "Further, we supplement this with frequent discussions of news developments that the children can understand. It's pretty hard for a sixth-grade student to understand much about Dumbarton Oaks, but they learn plenty about rationing because it is a daily problem with them. The boys and girls in the upper grades are vitally interested in the war. Like everyone else, it will be the biggest thing in their lives when the war finally ends."

THE war has hit the teaching profession hard. According to the U. S. Office of Education, more than 300,000 teachers have left their jobs since Pearl Harbor. The schools have managed to scare up 250,000 replacements, but in most states the shortage of teachers is serious. As a result, many teachers have to handle classes that normally would be regarded as too big, and many have to put in more hours than would be considered good for efficiency in peacetime.

By peacetime standards, many of the replacements would not be considered qualified to teach at all. Of the teachers now in active school service, the Office of Education estimates more than 68,000 are below standard—that is, they are not fully equipped for the job and are serving only on a temporary emergency certificate.

About 39 percent of the teachers who have quit school since Pearl Harbor have gone into the armed forces, the Office of Education says. There aren't many men teachers around any more, and thousands of women teachers are in the WAC and WAVES. Authorities estimate that 67,152 teachers have entered industry since December 1941. One major reason for the shift is said to be economic. Teachers are seldom overpaid; wartime factories give good wages.

In an effort to halt the drift, schools in most states have raised teachers' pay. After a sampling of 1,955 institutions, the Office of Education reported that three-fourths of the schools have raised salaries at least to some extent. Despite the raises, school officials emphasize that teachers' salaries are still too low.

FURTHER complicating the problem of educators is the suspicion that many of the teachers who have left the ranks won't be coming back. For one thing, thousands of women who left teaching to take war jobs have married.

Some of the more chaotic educational problems have arisen in cities that have acquired great new war industries. In such areas there is usually a tremendous labor turn-over. It follows that the school population shifts just about as rapidly. In many schools in such localities, it has not been uncommon for a teacher to experience a student turn-over of as high as 75 percent during a 4½-month semester. Sometimes, the teachers say, the turn-over is so fast that a student will have come and gone before they had time to learn his name.

That sort of thing, of course, is not typical of the nation as a whole, and happens only in the areas of great labor congestion. In war-industry towns, school facilities often have been swamped by the great influx of children. The Federal Government, during the period July 1, 1941, to June 30, 1944 (the latest for which figures are available) furnished approximately $72,275,000 to local school districts for school-plant facilities, including nursery-school accommodations.

Getting back to the kids themselves and how they're getting along these days, it should be pointed out they re learning more things faster than ever before. But they re still kids and they still make the same old mistakes. Teachers, who by this time shouldn't be surprised at anything, occasionally run across something that makes them lift their eyebrows.

A case in point was the Des Moines teacher who was reading the original composition of an 11-year-old boy concerning the adventures of a female dog named Queenie. Everything was all right until the teacher reached the last paragraph. It said: "Queenie came jumping down the alley emitting whelps at every jump."

The second-grade class of Mrs. Leta Bonslett in Evanston, Ill., is now in session.

Betty Berard and Arthur Wittern of Des Moines give a moth a going-over.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

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This Week's Cover

THIS is part of the ruins of Cologne, photographed from the top of the cathedral. Broken bridges stick out of the Rhine. Other Cologne pictures by Sgt. Reg Kenny are on pages 12 and 13.

PHOTO CREDITS, Cover—Sgt. Reg Kenny. 2—Pfc. Pat Coffey. 3 & 4—Sgt. Kenny. 6—Left, BPR, WAC Group; center, Signal Corps. 7, 8 & 9—Pfc. George Burns. 10—Cpl. Roger Wrenn. 12 & 13—Sgt. Kenny. 13—Upper left, PRO, Moody Field, Ga.; lower left, AAF EFTC; others, AAF TC. 16—Des Moines (Iowa) Public Schools. 17—Lower right, Des Moines Public Schools; others, Pvt. George Aarons. 20—Sgt. Ralph Stein. 23—Sgt. John Frano.

Mail Call

British Demobilization

Dear YANK:

We agree wholeheartedly with Britain's demobilization plan and wish our War Department would adopt a similar plan. We believe that length of service and age should have highest priority in any kind of demobilization plan. This would tend to eliminate politics and favoritism. Too many loopholes and stipulations are in our proposed point system as we see it. In our opinion the point system discriminates against older men and men who have had extended service.

The clause concerning men in key positions to us seems unjust. In our American Army we have found no man to be indispensable. After hostilities cease in Europe, younger men could easily replace so-called key men without altering the course of the war against Japan.

India —S/Sgt. HARRIS GIBAULT *

*Also signed by four others.

Dear YANK:

. . . First, England's system of demobilization is the only democratic way, and that is by service only. Second, the more things added to the time of service, the more room there is for partiality to be shown in demobilization. Third, should every American serviceman be encouraged for volunteering during a national emergency?

Many a person volunteered their services when Hitler was aggressive, the Allies were not so certain of victory but war for the United States was foreseen. Should these volunteers be delayed in getting out when the war is won because they didn't desire to start a family at the outbreak of a war—because they didn't want to leave a wife and child behind? Some draft dodgers jumped at the idea of marriage because they were afraid of the disasters of war and they'd rather hide behind the skirt of a woman and child. These are the men that we are attempting to let out first. . . .

There should be no injustice in demobilization. Service time alone is the only way of discharging men from the military services. If medals and such are to be included, then the officers, their orderlies and chauffeurs will be the first to gain the status of civilians again. . . .

Panama —Pfc. HAROLD S. JONES

Dear YANK:

. . . If the simplicity of the British system does not take all factors into consideration it does at least include the two constants applicable to all soldiers—age and length of service. The application of these two factors alone makes for speed and directness in the discharge of the soldier, which everyone desires more than anything else. But our plan is cumbersome and complex. . . .

When a soldier reads that no matter how many points he may have he may still be declared essential, he wonders just how stupid the Army thinks he is. He is past finding out that no man is absolutely essential. For if any man is really considered essential, then everything that has ever been written about soldiers green in combat filling in and fighting like veterans is a complete lie.

France —T-5 S. GOLDENBERG

Dear YANK:

After reading the British demobilization plan my morale is very low. It seems to me the British have a very good plan. Why do the British show more consideration to their older soldiers than does the U. S. Army? I am for all combat troops being the first ones discharged, but after the fall of Germany I think that a lot of men can be discharged, so why not at least give us older men point credit for our age?

I took my exam for Infantry training last week and failed to pass. Now I am not good enough to get up with the younger men in the Army, what chance will I have in civil life? After all, the younger men are out looking for jobs. I was a class A-1 man when I came in the Army, but now I am like a lot of other fellows that have spent from three to five years in this Army—too old, too old.

France —Sgt. TROY P. CARTER

Dear YANK:

. . . There is one pertinent question that arises in the minds of men in our category. What of men who are past 32 years of age, who have had three years or more service in the Army, most of it in the U. S.? . . . Should we be deprived of a justifiable reason to be discharged just because fate and our commanding officers deemed it advisable to keep us within the continental limits? . . .

The plan to keep a man in the service, regardless of his eligibility for discharge, because he is considered essential to his unit, practically amounts to this: If a man performs his duties conscientiously and well enough to obtain a rating, he is a key man and therefore his opportunity, along with the rest of his fellow soldiers, to be discharged practically amounts to nothing. If on the other hand, he raised hell and showed an attitude that is undesirable in a good soldier—then that man is well on his way out. . . .

—S/Sgt. SAMUEL RICHMAN*

Somewhere Overseas

*Also signed by S Sgt. Benjamin Samowitz.

"Maybe we shouldn't trust the water in a strange town." —Sgt. Frank Brandt

Hungry People

Dear YANK:

I have seen French men and women, especially the elderly ones—the people who gave sons and daughters to this war—eating from garbage cans. I have seen this happen in villages, along roads, at hospitals, forts and camps—in fact, everywhere I have been. Yet Paris seems to be well supplied, as a whole. Are there only a select few who are eligible to live in halfway decency?

Why aren't all the people being cared for instead of just Mr. and Mrs. Big? . . .

Belgium —Sgt. ROBERT J. WATSON

Right to Work

Dear YANK:

What every GI wants and is entitled to get is a firm guaranty that he will be able to get a decent job after the war is over—without any ifs, ands and buts. The GI Bill of Rights is all right as far as it goes, but unemployment insurance is no substitute for a job at good wages; it is supplementary to it, as are education and loans. Last year 350,000 persons in the U. S. drew unemployment insurance, despite maximum production and manpower shortages. They were the victims of what the economists call frictional unemployment, caused by technological changes, movements of workers and factories, production changeovers, etc.

Our Government called upon some 12,000,000 men to go out and fight for their country, and die if necessary. When the war is won it is the clear obligation of our Government to assure the survivors the privilege of working for a living—unconditionally. So far the assurances have not been forthcoming. There are all sorts of proposals and promises which approach this assurance, or skirt neatly around it; but as of now the U. S. Government has not put itself on record guaranteeing a single GI a job when he comes home.

Before we demand such a firm commitment, however, we must remember one vital consideration. If all veterans are put to work but a mass of non-veterans are left unemployed, production will decline, purchasing power will fall off, wages will be driven down and America will slide into the same deflationary spiral that hit it in 1922. In other words, it is clear that the Government must see to it that everyone, veteran and non-veteran alike, who wants a job can get it. This is the forthright proposition set out in Sen. Murray's bill before Congress.

Well, why not? America at war has achieved miracles of production and organization. There is no basic reason why America at peace should do any less. If private industry can employ everyone, fine. If not, let the Government put the rest to work on useful and productive jobs. Is this dictatorship? Is it radical? If so it is certainly no more dictatorial or radical than taking 12,000,000 Americans away from their homes to fight a war and severely restricting the rest of the population at home.

Italy —Pvt. PHILIP H. VAN GELDER

Pacific Pets

Dear YANK:

. . . The world over, the most familiar sight nowadays are American soldiers and their pets, but the airbase unit at this island has decided that the latter half of the combination should be done away with. . . . The local bulletin board announces that as a sanitary measure all cats and most of the dogs would be done away with.

What we want to know is whether or not this can be done legally. There are other units than the Air Forces on this island, but as yet they have had nothing said to them about the destruction of their pets.

Central Pacific —(Names Withheld)*

*Signed by eight men.

Chinese Exchange

Dear YANK:

Reading Cpl. Mar's letter in *What's Your Problem?*, entitled "Wife in China," and your reply, it occurs to some of us that the corporal and the Mrs. are the victims of a fast shuffle in international exchange. Your reply stated that allotments totalling $2,354.00 would be paid through the Bank of China and delivered in "the Chinese equivalent" of the amount due. Many a GI wonders what that "Chinese equivalent" is when faced daily with an ever-changing black-market rate ranging from 300 to 1 to 500 to 1. The last official rate we ever heard of between the U. S. and the Chinese Governments was about 20 to 1.

If payment is made to Mrs. Mar at the 20-to-1 rate, her 47,000 Chinese National dollars will actually be worth about $120 U. S. Somebody is making money. On the other hand, we doubt if the U. S. and Chinese Governments will recognize the black-market rate.

There must be some better solution than paying these allotments on the phony rate that of necessity must prevail between governments fighting inflation. We'll leave that to the experts. Meanwhile, won't somebody recognize the problem, at least to the extent that it's costing a two-striper money that he can't afford?

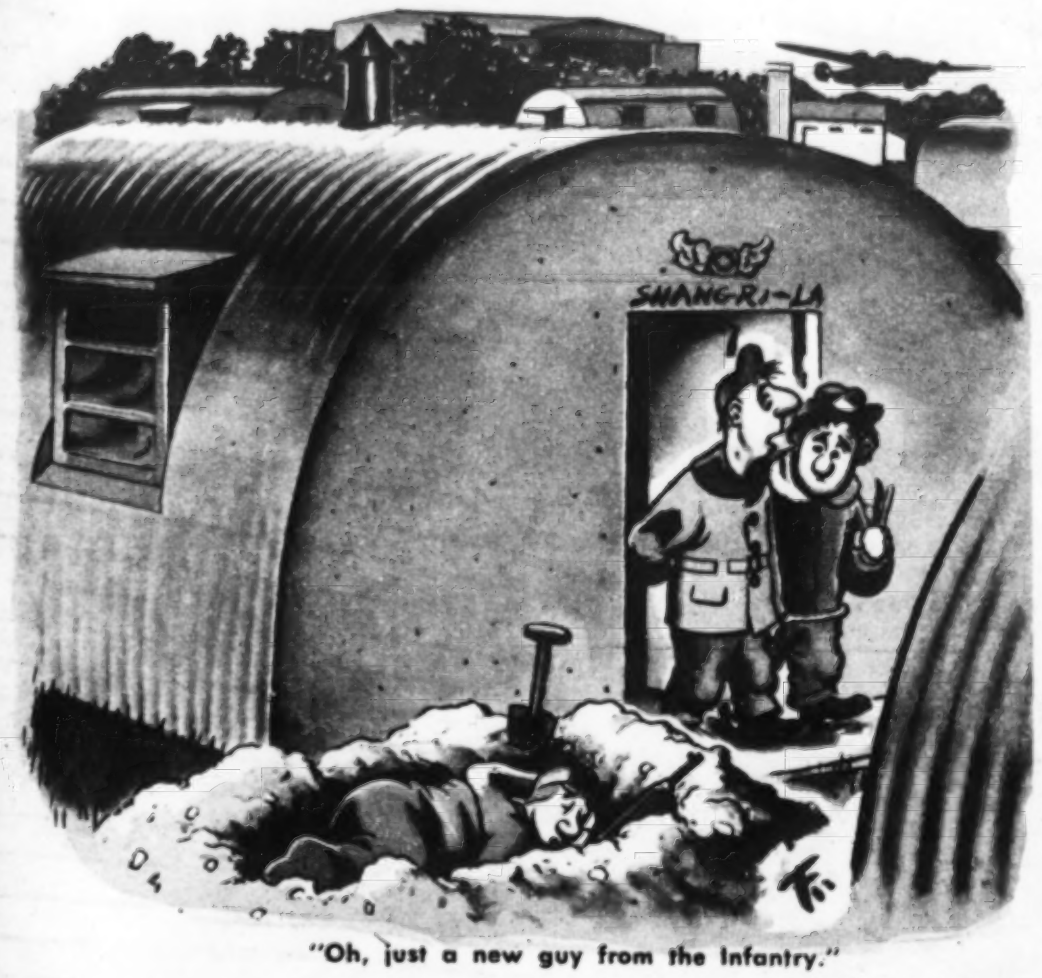
India —Two Bystanders

Shoepac Hint

Dear YANK:

I noticed in YANK that some of the infantrymen were having difficulty on long marches wearing the "shoepac" now being issued, resulting in sore feet and legs.

This difficulty can be overcome to a large extent by constructing an inner heel for the pac. Take a piece of material, such as heavy cardboard, or a piece of felt inner sole, about $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of an



"Oh, just a new guy from the Infantry."

—Pfc. Thomas Flannery

inch thick, cut it to fit the inside of the heel of the boot and place it under the felt inner sole. This will raise the heel of the foot to a more normal position and relieve the strain on the fore part of the leg.

Having worn this type of pac on many occasions, I feel sure this suggestion will give a little more comfort to the men who need it most.

France —Lt. Col. DON A. SHEPPARD

KP Volunteer

Dear YANK:

A bunch of the boys whooping it up at some awful place called Perrin Field, Tex., claimed, in a letter printed recently in *Mail Call* that they "had seen everything." That letter, entitled "Bemedaled KP" and signed "Poor Trainees," completes my observations of the strange things that can happen in a lifetime.

Those unfortunates seem to think that the "aspiring master sergeant" shouldn't pull KP, presumably on account of his numerous "gongs," including the Good Conduct Medal. Or maybe they think he isn't earning his pay. Well, maybe they think it's rough being in Texas (that's in the United States, I think), taking pilot training (which a great many of the ground types would love to do) and pulling details! Combat was never like that, I'll bet!

My opinion is that anyone who has been overseas, fought the war with real bullets, and not with mops, and been fortunate enough to survive and be sent home for flight training, should be glad to do KP. I wish it to be known that I will gladly do KP, bars and all, or without them, for a chance to go back to the States for flight training of *any* type, not just pilot training. I am an experienced KP, young, strong, and healthy, willing to work long hours for little pay, and can be ready on 30 seconds' notice, or less.

Britain —2d Lt. B. C. JACOBS

Women in Industry (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

It seems most of your letters on "Shall Women Remain in Industry After the War?" deal with the economic phase of the question. Doesn't anyone consider the social and spiritual side of family life? Why quibble over the dollar importance when most men now admit that women have proved their ability in many fields of endeavor and can compete on almost even terms with the men? The really important factor is that men cannot bear children, and strong and moral children are necessary to our spiritual and economic health as individuals and as a nation. . . .

—Pvt. ROBERT V. MacDOWELL

Camp Mackall, S. C.

Sorrows of Supply

Dear YANK:

I am one of those so-called black-hearted supply sergeants, but I am wondering if we are so black-hearted why is it everybody in the outfit that wants a favor done for himself or one of his friends in the line of supply always runs to us? We must not be so black-hearted or we would quit doing favors and then people would quit coming to us for favors.

Everything anybody over here doesn't want to carry around or keep track of, officers and EM included, run to the supply with it, and then when you start to move they want to know why in hell supply has so much to move. Yes, when we get Red Cross issues we are given its left-overs to keep until the men need them. This makes an ever-growing box which gets larger every week, but this doesn't make so much trouble as does some of the other items given to me to keep up with.

Of course an enlisted man you can very nicely tell you cannot haul his equipment around for him, but what can you tell an officer? Anything you say can be considered by the officer as insubordination. I don't know how many supply sergeants are in the same spot as I continuously stay in.

I have tried to cut down on supplies I carry around by different means of storing items not needed at the immediate time, but stored where we can obtain them from time to time, but every time I try this it seems that is not the thing they want me to do. Is it that they want equipment thrown away? If that's what they want, I sure as hell will throw it away if people want to waste equipment, but it seems to me that is prolonging the war. In fact, every time I see equipment laying around I pick it up and turn it in, but then the higher echelon of supply will only let me turn items in once a week; therefore, I have to carry my salvage items or any items turned into me for one week but it seems the officers can't understand that.

There are so many things to gripe about that a supply sergeant could write a book on it, and they are all legitimate gripes. Sure the job don't contain much manual labor in a small company like mine, but it sure as hell has at least 40 million headaches and that's putting it lightly. Cooperation from the men in the company is an impossibility for a supply sergeant to get. I know I am a hated man in my organization, but everybody hates a supply sergeant that does his job right, so I take pride when I say I am hated by every man in my outfit.

I bet 10 marks the base censor won't pass this letter to you, and if he does I bet you another 10 marks you won't publish it. Please, if it is printed, withhold my name as the officers in this outfit will use it as an excuse just to raise hell with me.

Germany —Unhappy Supply Sergeant

Easy Come, Easy Go

Dear YANK:

Maybe some of the boys would like to know where their money goes. I have listed how much I have received with 30 months' service and where it all went:

Received	
Army Pay	$2350.00
Furlough Ration Pay	45.50
Total Income	2395.50
Money from home	250.00
Total	$2645.50
Paid Out	
War Bonds	$ 337.50
Government Insurance	158.40
Government Laundry	45.00
Allotment	198.00
Wedding	600.00
Cigarettes	125.00
Train Fares	252.00
Telephone Calls	50.00
Hotels	50.00
Cabs	25.00
Civilian Shoes	18.00
Liquor and beer	100.00
Movies	25.00
Photos	25.00
Tailor-made clothes	50.00
Cleaners	50.00
Bus fare	28.00
Car rentals	25.00
Gambling	225.00
Savings	175.60
On hand	43.00
	$2645.50

Camp Gruber, Okla. —Amateur Economist

■ When we added up the "paid" figures we got $2605.50. What happened to the other 40 bucks?

Rotation

Dear YANK:

I would like to answer the Rifle Company Commander's letter in *Mail Call*. I miss my wife and look forward to the day I can go back to her. I have had only six years in the service, so I can't agree with the Rifle Company Commander. It is his own fault that he has been in the Army 10 years. It is also his own fault that he hasn't seen his wife for five years. Ask him why.

I think rotation should be based on length of service as well as combat duty. I have been in no combat yet, but the Army was my boss, so I am asking for consideration in rotation. Not right away, but as soon as more deserving have gotten it.

Somewhere Overseas —Sgt. J. A. WATSON

Regular Army GI

Dear YANK:

The post-war plans which occasionally fill your editorial page certainly do justice to any selectee or member of the Army of the U. S. But how about the men who have made the Army their career? The dime we kick in every month to the Old Soldiers' Home seems to be our only guaranty of the future. With all this talk of war pensions and unemployment compensations, it is about time someone urged some legislation for Regular Army men.

I like Army life, but in the past it has been a struggle for a man to raise a family, regardless of his grade. Only recently has the Army pay been brought to a level that is adequate with the cost of living. It isn't so long ago that we smoked Bull Durham and borrowed through canteen checks for our entertainment. How about allowing soldiers to retire after 25 years of service? Then maybe we can get in another hike before the hardening of the arteries sets in.

I've done my share of the griping. I'll admit, but on paper that old record of service looks pretty good. I'd like to continue it, but how about a break? I'd be better off being unemployed, with a probable income of 20 bucks per week. I could settle myself down in a cozy shack, hoist up the Stars and Stripes, plant a brass cannon on the front lawn and sing, "America, the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Belgium —1st Sgt. S. LANDRY*

*Also signed by S Sgt. J. G.

Retail Business

Dear YANK:

I just conceived a brilliant idea, so I'm jotting it down and sending it to you before I think it over and decide it can't be done. There are quite a number of fellows who are planning to venture into a small retail business when this thing is over. The Government will have on their hands an immense surplus of every imaginable item except civilian clothing. Couldn't that surplus be used to stock a number of these businesses, with payment for said goods being made on a long-term contract? This would all take care of the surplus as well as being an aid to the man who wants to set up in business.

Leyte —Pfc. BERNARD W. SHEA

Love In December

Dear YANK:

I'm not griping, but the old men back home of 55 are marrying the girls of 20. I know; my old man did. What chance do we 19-year-olders have?

France —Pfc. EVERETTE M. LOUCK

Strictly GI

Unit Citations. Citations in the name of the President have been awarded to three Infantry battalions that fought at Brest, France, and to two AAF photographic groups in action against the Germans. The units cited "as evidence of deserved honor and distinction" were:

3d Battalion, 9th Infantry Regiment
3d Battalion, 23d Infantry Regiment
3d Battalion, 38th Infantry Regiment
3d Photographic Group, Reconnaissance
5th Photographic Group, Reconnaissance

Soviet Supply Line. Ships carrying U. S. lend-lease cargoes have begun to reach the Soviet Union by the newly opened Black Sea route, supplementing and partially eliminating the longer supply line to Persian Gulf ports. Foreign Economic Administrator Leo T. Crowley announced that much of the lend-lease material now moving into Russia is for the purpose of improving the Soviet transportation systems that feed war supplies to the Eastern Front.

In the 15 months ending January 31, the U. S. sent 10,000 pieces of rolling stock to Russia, including 1,278 locomotives, 27 Diesel-electric locomotives, 8,340 flatcars, 1,000 dump cars, 100 tank cars and 10 heavy-machinery cars. The U. S. also shipped 509,580 tons of rails in that period.

Total shipments from the Western Hemisphere to the Soviet Union since the beginning of lend-lease amount to 15,770,000 tons, including 12,709 combat vehicles, 1,821 ordnance-service vehicles, 355,059 trucks, 301,842 short tons of explosives, 157,000 guns and mortars, 701,400 tons of chemicals, 3,832,985 short tons of foodstuffs and nearly a billion dollars worth of machinery and equipment.

Ledo Road. T-5 Richard Barnett of York, S. C., a Negro, drove the lead vehicle in the first convoy from India to China over the Ledo Road. Barnett was one of the Negro GIs who made up about 65 percent of more than 15,000 soldiers who put the China life-line through in 25 months. In December 1942, a detachment of Negro Engineers of the 823d General Service Engineer Regiment, using British and American equipment, turned the first earth on the project at Ledo, India. Under the supervision of Negro soldiers, thousands of natives—Napalese, Travancoreans, Garos, Bengalese and Assamese—worked on the road, only 42 miles of which were in friendly territory.

The road is 1,044 miles long, and according to the Brig. Gen. Lewis A. Pick, who commanded the project, "there is a grave for every mile."

Ramsay Ames

YANK

Pin-up Girl

Navy Notes

By DONALD NUGENT S1c
YANK Staff Writer

A MONTH ago this department talked about some designs for a new Navy enlisted man's uniform, suggested by the New Orleans (La.) Naval Repair Base newspaper, the *Pelican*. We stuck our neck out and asked for comments on the subject. The letters have been pouring in ever since. At this writing, 2,887 sailors have enthusiastically endorsed the proposed changes, most of them offering additional suggestions of their own. On the other hand, 60 have registered emphatic disapproval. (Many letters had several signatures; some 20 to 100. Others claimed to be speaking for the personnel of a ship or barracks but they were counted only on the basis of the individual signatures they bore.)

Most of the men who favored changes felt that the uniform now lacks both comfort and dignity, and that a new kind of uniform would bring a great boost to the Navy's morale. The white shirt drew a lot of criticism, and a soft gray one (easier to keep clean) was suggested instead. Several letter writers wanted seaman's stripes on the upper arm, as they are worn on the Waves' uniform, instead of around the cuffs. Most sailors favored a harder material than melton, such as serge or gabardine, and a lot wanted gray cotton twill for summer. There were many recommendations for a cap with a sun visor for summer wear.

We had our artist draw new sketches according to some of the additional suggestions, and now we are asking for more punishment. We invite you to keep sending comments on the new uniform proposals to Navy Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Incidentally, the authorities at the Naval Clothing Depot in Brooklyn, N. Y., where all Navy uniforms are designed and manufactured, tell us that since 1927 the present enlisted man's outfit has undergone only two minor changes. The jumper has been shortened and hemmed at the bottom (it used to be a foot longer and tied with a drawstring), and the trousers now have straight legs instead of bell bottoms. The people at the clothing depot assured us that suggestions about changes are always welcomed. But it seems that all changes have to be made by the Uniform Board in Washington, D. C.

Most officers agree that the present enlisted man's uniform is inadequate. The men in most commands are permitted to wear privately tailor-made serge uniforms, and the tailors are making a good thing out of it; they buy surplus-stock Army OD material very cheaply, dye it blue and then make it into Navy uniforms that sell for around $40 apiece.

Here are some of the letters:

Dear YANK:
. . . The *Pelican*'s uniform would be just about what the enlisted man needs. If we must have Navy tradition let's keep it American Navy tradition.

Gulfport, Miss —JOHN N. KOLESAR S1c

Dear YANK:
How can one man express the inward feelings of approximately 1,200 men? Every last man that saw that uniform whooped and hollered like a pack of Indians. They were like a bunch of kids looking forward to their first ice-cream treat. . . .

Holtville, Calif. —C. H. GALINDO S1c

Dear YANK:
That mechanic-looking outfit you want to give the sailors looks like hell. Who had the DTs?

Jacksonville, Fla. —J. C. BRADLEY, Cox.

Dear YANK:
. . . We suggest that if the old uniform is to be retained, the pigtails and tar should also make their appearance so that the uniform would lose none of its atmosphere. Gratefully, gleefully, hopefully, we wait.

South Weymouth, Mass. —CHARLES C. HANSEN Jr. S1c*

*Also signed by seven others.

Dear YANK:
The idea is tops with me. . . . Inspection would be thrilling in this uniform instead of the present outmoded one. Think this would be one of the best morale builders the Navy could muster outside of the day of victory.

Seattle, Wash. —ARNOLD J. MELOM PhM1c

Dear YANK:
We have been gazing longingly at the proposed all-American Navy uniform and we're all eager about it and feel that, besides being more practical, it would be an excellent morale builder.

San Clemente Island, Calif. —DONALD C. OAKLEY ART2c*

*Also signed by 44 others.

Dear YANK:
I am very proud and satisfied with our present uniform. It seems that the majority of new-uniform agitators are reservists counting the days until they can drop their uniforms and climb back into civvies again. More power to them. But what about us who have selected the Navy as our career? We do not want a bunch of civilians-at-heart to change our uniforms for us.

Algiers, La. —L. R. LAWRENCE BM2c

Dear YANK:
I'm in the regulars and would sure like to see improvements made on our uniform, as I plan to be

Winter Dress — Summer Dress

in the service quite a while. There's 132 guys here that would like to sport a new and better garb as described by the *Pelican*.

FPO, San Francisco, Calif. —DEXTER KINNAIRD, USN

Dear YANK:
. . . I took it upon myself to canvass our unit and wish to report the results. Out of 147 men, 3 stated that it didn't make any difference to them what they wore and the other 144 were very, very much in favor of a change. Practically all liked the drawing. Get busy and see what you can do.

San Pedro, Calif. —ARTHUR R. NEWCOMB CPO

Dear YANK:
. . . We're sure the present uniform is disliked by 90 percent of the Navy men that have to wear it. Why couldn't it be optional as the dress order of the day for shore leave and shore duty?

Minneapolis, Minn. —A. A. OLSON Y1c*

*Also signed by six others.

Dear YANK:
. . . It will never come about during our lifetime. Rumors of a new and practical outfit have been making the rounds as long as the oldest member of our crew can remember. . . . However, we are willing to play along with this latest of rumors and give our views on the subject. . . .

One point of contention is the fabric. Sure, the melton is warm, comfortable and easy to wash, but how about something with a little harder finish, a material that does not go out and look for lint and dust—something like twill with a good tight weave? The dark blue is fine for dress; still, a gray suit was finally brought out for the chiefs. Why couldn't we be given a working uniform of the same color? . . .

The garrison cap vies with the billed cap for popularity. There were no votes for retaining the present bucket hat, which was discussed in some very nasty terms. The men feel they should be granted the same choice as is granted the chiefs. . . .

FPO, San Francisco, Calif. —JAMES D. WILKINSON ART2c

Dear YANK:
To me, your new uniform is lousy. If the sailor didn't have a long collar, he wouldn't look like a sailor. We want to look like sailors, not soldiers or marines. So why change our already nice uniform?

USS Philadelphia —A. F. SMALL Jr. SM3c

Dear YANK:
The persons responsible for the proposed new uniform rate 4.0. I am proud of the Navy and respect the service the uniform represents, but the uniform itself is a sad case. It certainly is impractical. If so radical a change cannot be made, why not issue the chief's uniform to all rated men? Any change at all would be appreciated by all concerned. I haven't as yet talked to an enlisted man who is satisfied with the Navy uniform.

Livermore, Calif. —J. T. APKEWICH AMM1c*

*Also signed by 31 others.

Dear YANK:
I am a Seabee, a mature married man and a more or less sober character. In view of these facts, I feel as conspicuous and ludicrous as Mickey McGuire in a Fauntleroy suit when I parade the avenue in my dress blues. I wore one of these gob suits when I was a wee lad, and I would certainly welcome a uniform such as you suggest to fit at least my mental development to manhood.

Davisville, R. I. —BOB GERBER SF2c*

*Also signed by three others.

Dear YANK:
I am in the Army, but I have two brothers in the Navy. They are both for your idea. I would have joined the Navy had the uniforms been like that.

Fort McClellan, Ala. Pvt. JEROME DONLIN

Dear YANK:
. . . Let's scuttle the present uniform with its Victorian style in favor of a similar design to your sketch. The details could be worked out as practicable, but changing the style would be a leap in the right direction.

USS CGC Ewing. —ENS. PALMER G. CAMPEN, USCGR

Dear YANK:
Most of us regulars are proud of and content with the present-day enlisted man's uniform. As for your outrageous outfit . . . we think it is an exact replica of a bellboy or hotel doorman's swanky suit. . . .

New Orleans, La. —B. R. DOYLE SK1c*

*Also signed by three others.

Dear YANK:
The proposed change . . . has been the desire of almost every man in the Navy. On the other hand, we are inclined to believe there is no use voicing our opinion too strongly; . . . the Eisenhower jacket is just a little too much to expect. Keep up the good work, though.

FPO, San Francisco, Calif. —JOHN HEINTZ AMM2c

Dear YANK:
Any proposal to change the present antiquated uniforms is O.K. with us. Instead of using the same material as in the present uniforms, how about a 16- or 18-oz. blue serge? It might be a little more trouble to keep pressed but it would not pick up as much lint and dirt as is the case now. A good many of us have serge tailor-mades and find the material quite satisfactory. And let's get rid of that white hat. . . .

Jacksonville, Fla. —OAKLEY D. PATTERSON ARM3c*

*Also signed by 48 others.

Dear YANK:
. . . How about the cleaning and pressing situation of these new zoot suits? And how about putting those pretty little white shirts in a sea bag? . . . So let's get the war over with, not bother our heads with uniforms, and we can take up where we left off in '41 after the reserves return to civilian life. OK?

FPO, New York, N. Y. —JOHN W. REGER, ARM1c

Dear YANK:
. . . The Navy is an excellent organization but our present EM livery is as ancient as the frigate. It's uncomfortable to peel the tight jumpers off; the 13 buttons are a waste of whatever buttons are made out of, and the material thrown to the dogs in the collars could surely be put to better use. The officers of the Navy have varied sets of uniforms and the Waves are modestly and modernly attired, but all that can possibly be said for the enlisted men's suits is that they're different.

Jacksonville, Fla. —BERNARD KOHN Y3c

Dear YANK:
We are only civilian gals employed by the War Department. We think all the guys in the armed services are wonderful—but, be there a gal with soul so dead, who never to herself has said, "Not bad," when a gob sauntered by?

We know from experience that sailors are not exactly disinterested in girls and their reactions, and honest, fellows, those uniforms you wear today give you a head start on all the other guys in the service. We think they are perfect. They're different, but we prefer them, so please don't change them. Think of your feminine public.

—ETHEL, FRANCES, FAYE and SHIRLEY
The Pentagon, Washington, D. C.

THIS is Ramsay Ames' second appearance on the page across the way. It hardly seems necessary to explain why. Ramsay is 21 years old. She was born in New York City, of Spanish and English parents. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weghs 117 pounds, has green eyes and auburn hair. Her new movie for Warner Bros. is "Mildred Pierce."

PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

BELIEVE IT OR LEAVE IT

Pfc. Amos Goonbush AAF orderly room clerk, when told to fill out the sick book, replied "Yes, sir" instead of "Roger."

Lt. Johannes K. Shmutz, AAF adjutant, informed the men in his squadron that he thoroughly enjoyed giving them orientation lectures and drill and that furthermore he believed that those activities were important factors in the winning of the war.

A Marine sergeant, Ronald A. Primwitz, is of the opinion that the Infantry is as good as the Marines any day.

S/Sgt. Slim Ridinghard of Sagebrush, Tex., asserts that in service to its country the state of Texas rates far behind New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and possibly Brooklyn.

The Infantry's Cpl. Joe Greps goes on record as saying he thinks that the men in the AAF are all good joes and that each one is making an important contribution to the war effort.

At Camp Dinklewater, Ill., there is a sergeant by the name of Camp Dinklewater III, and nobody has ever given it a second thought.

Pvt. Harry L. Vlotnick, who has been in that grade for the entire four years of his Army career, attributes his not having made a rating to the fact that he has not deserved one.

At a Philadelphia (Pa.) bar Montmorency Saltpeter, civilian, while allowing a sailor to buy him a beer, stated that he was 4-F and damned glad of it.

When told a long tale of woe, M/Sgt. Herbert A. Zymrk sympathized with the luckless speaker and told him that he had indeed had a streak of bad luck, instead of giving him the chaplain's number.

After Sgt. Walter Slopovitz's contribution to YANK's *Post Exchange* page was returned, accompanied by a rejection slip, the sergeant remarked that he believed that in comparison with the articles published in the *PX* his work was just a grammar-school essay.

Midland AAF, Texas —Pfc. NORMAN KRANZ

SICK CALL

When one is feeling low and sickly,
One wants her doctor summoned quickly;
She wants to lie at ease in bed,
Soft pillows underneath her head;
A dainty tray, a flower, a touch
Of tenderness would soothe her much.

Instead she must arise and dress,
Report her indisposedness;
Although she may with fever burn,
She must politely wait her turn,
While through her mind dark visions flit:
The casket and the flag on it.
Such harshness no one quite forgives,
Yet, every time, the patient lives!

Washington, D. C. —Sgt. MARGARET JANE TAGGS

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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OLD MILITARY ADDRESS

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Honor Barracks

WHEN I moved into Barracks 95 I knew at once I was not going to like my new quarters. The place was too darn spotlessly clean. Guys took off their shoes before they got in the door, and when they wanted to catch a quick snooze they took it on the floor next to their beds so they wouldn't wrinkle the blankets.

The barracks chief—a short, husky little staff sergeant with a pink, sparkling face—greeted me with: "Before you settle down, let me tell you something. You look like a troublemaker, and troublemakers don't last long around here. They get their passes pulled and they get all kinds of extra details. This has been the honor barracks of the week for the last two months. We wanna keep it that way. See that you don't make any unnecessary dirt!" All the while he was talking he kept rubbing a little speck of dirt off a window with his handkerchief.

I felt a little uneasy in the guy's presence. His fatigues were spotless, his GI shoes had a mirror sparkle on them and even his fingernails looked like they had just undergone a recent scrubbing.

I walked outside and saw the plaque hung up over the barracks door—"HONOR BARRACKS OF THE WEEK." Some of the red paint was rubbed off around the border of the plaque because of a daily scrubbing with GI soap and brush which it got from Sgt. Mattick, which I learned was the guy's name.

The next day my education began. "How long you been in the Army, soldier?" Sgt. Mattick wanted to know. I had just returned from two years overseas. I was ashamed of the fact, since I knew he had spent those same two years suffering the hardships a soldier has to undergo in the States, so I said, "Five months, sergeant."

"Well, you should have learned to make a bed by this time," he barked. "If the air inspector ever saw the mess you have here you'd be gigged for life."

Then he showed me how to make a bed, stretching the blankets so tight that the mattress was bowed in the middle. He let me know in no uncertain tones that I didn't know how to shine my own shoes, how to hang my clothes or how to do a thousand and one different things. I was always afraid to buy shaving cream for fear he wouldn't approve of the brand.

That Saturday the big thing happened. We lost the plaque for the Honor Barracks of the Week.

"It's all your fault!" Sgt. Mattick screamed at me. "The air inspector found cigarette ashes under your bed."

"But I don't smoke."

"That's no excuse. It's your fault that we lost the plaque." I cringed in the corner while everybody looked at me as they would look at a boxer who had just thrown a fight. It was horrible. I was gigged and restricted to camp for a week, and that night I went to bed and had nightmares in which a dripping mop kept chasing me all over camp, every so often whacking me across the shoulders.

I felt so bad about it that I got up every morning about two hours ahead of everyone else and started cleaning the area around my bunk. Mattick, himself, gave me an inspection every day before I left the barracks and it was surprising the little discrepancies he could find. One day a shirt hung under my blouse had the third button from the top unbuttoned.

"Stop me if you've heard this one."
—Cpl. Bob Schoenke, Ellington Field, Tex.

"I guess some of you guys think I'm pretty chicken."
—Cpl. Frank R. Robinson, Fort Monmouth, N. J.

"It's lucky the air inspector didn't find it or you would be——"

"I know," I broke in, "gigged for life!"

That Friday night we GId the floor on our hands and knees, using 21 cans of lye mixed with a bleaching fluid. Saturday morning the floor looked as though it had just been put in. The wood was its original color. Sgt. Mattick went around digging little spots out of the crevices with the end of a fingernail file. The barracks sparkled so brightly it hurt your eyes when you walked in.

That night Sgt. Mattick was waiting for me at the door.

"You, you goof-off!" he screamed.

"What did I do wrong now?"

"We didn't get the plaque again all on account of you!"

"But what did I do?" Never had I tried so hard to be a good soldier.

"You know all right. Look!" He pointed to my shoes. I couldn't see anything wrong. They sparkled like diamonds, they were laced, and I had even scrubbed the soles.

"I don't see——" Then I did see all at once. I had missed the third eyelet when lacing up the left shoe! The open hole looked suddenly like the Grand Canyon. That night I saw my name on the bulletin board: "Finkel, S. S. Cpl. Restricted for two weeks."

From then on my life was a nightmare. I lost 10 pounds getting ready for inspections, but somehow we never won the plaque again. I was just hard luck for Sgt. Mattick.

One day Sgt. Mattick put his hand on my shoulder and absent-mindedly flicked off some dandruff.

"Finkel," he said, "I guess I've been a little harsh on you. Maybe it's not altogether your fault. Confidentially I'm sick of trying to get that plaque anyway. This week we'll just swish around our beds a time or two with a wet mop and let it go at that."

He had a dazed sort of look in his eyes, which I gathered was from disappointment, but he picked up a piece of black thread from beneath my bed before he left me.

It felt like a sin just going over the floor with a wet mop early Saturday morning, I had grown so accustomed to scrubbing. The sergeant was walking around with a white, sickish grin on his face. He looked scared, like a guy going into his first battle. All of the fellows in the barracks felt sorry for him when we left that morning. As for me, I was positive that now I would be gigged for life.

That night I worked an hour overtime because I was afraid to go back to the barracks. When I got back there I stopped short. The sergeant was standing on a ladder scrubbing the outside of the barracks. "What a terrible punishment," I said to myself.

Then Sgt. Mattick stepped down and I saw he was scrubbing a plaque with the words, "HONOR BARRACKS OF THE WEEK."

San Antonio AAB, Texas —Cpl. SAMUEL FINKEL

One-Armed Big-Leaguer?

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Writer

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Everybody is wondering if Pete Gray, the one-armed rookie outfielder, will be able to make the grade as a major-leaguer with the Browns this season.

"It's remarkable what this fellow can do," says Luke Sewell, the Browns' manager. "He's fast and he hits well. His only weakness is fielding drives that are hit to his right. But if I use him in left field, he is fast enough to hug the corner and take them all on his left. Understand, Gray isn't getting any special consideration from me. He has to stand or fall on what he shows. But I will say that he has surprised me with what he has shown already."

Glenn Waller, 64-year-old baseball writer for the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*, has seen too many spring sensations for too many years to go out on a limb, yet he is enthusiastic about Gray. "He takes a nice cut at the ball," says Waller. "He breaks that wrist nicely and gets a lot of whip into that bat when it meets the ball. I've seen him go after a bad ball or two, but that doesn't mean too much as long as it doesn't happen too often. I like the way he fields. One of the Toledo boys in a spring exhibition game took a little liberty with his arm and overran second base on a hit to centerfield. Pete came in fast, fielded the ball clean and threw him out before he could get back to the bag."

Frank Mancuso, who received a medical discharge from the Paratroops last year in time to land a job as a regular catcher with the pennant-winning Browns, probably expresses the attitude of most of the other St. Louis players toward Gray when he says: "I was sure when I came here this guy wasn't going to be with us very long. Now I'm not so sure. Every day I see him doing things out there that I didn't think he could do. Take his bunting. I really believe he has an advantage on a two-armed player when it comes to dragging a bunt. He just holds that bat out there and drops the bunt down where he wants it. A guy with two arms can't help moving his hands on the bat and tipping off the infielders where he's going to bunt. I saw Pete lay down two bunts against Toledo, and they couldn't make a play on him. He is fast enough to take advantage of it when he catches the infielders flatfooted."

GRAY himself is a bit sensitive about all the attention his major-league trial has received. He regards himself as a ballplayer, not as a freak gate attraction. When cameramen approach him he asks, "Did Luke say it was okay?" Then he adds, "Those other guys are the big-leaguers. I'm just another ballplayer."

Although he isn't boastful, Gray is confident of his ability, determined to make good and fully aware of his value. "They tell me the Browns paid $20,000 for me," he said. "I can make a lot of money for this club. I've made money for every club I've been with. Most of them didn't make money till I went with them."

He is very enthusiastic about being with the Browns. "I never thought a first-division club would buy me, never mind a club that had just won a pennant," he says. "I figured that if I got a chance in the big leagues it would be with some second-division club."

Pete is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 170 pounds. He has a loose, gangly frame and does everything gracefully, whether it is fielding, batting, running or just walking up to the plate. He likes to play cards, shoot pool and have a few beers, but baseball is a religion with him. "I can't remember when I haven't had an ambition to be a ballplayer," he says. "Being a big-leaguer is just something I dreamed of."

Pete's legal last name is Wyshner, and he is of Lithuanian extraction. He grew up in Nanticoke, Pa., a mining town about seven miles from Wilkes-Barre. He is 28 years old, the youngest member of his family. His father, mother, two brothers and two sisters are rooting for him to make good.

His right arm was crushed when he was 6 years old. He hooked a ride on a grocer's delivery truck and fell under a wagon. Rushed to the hospital, an amputation was necessary.

As a youngster Pete was a mascot for a semipro club in Nanticoke, but soon earned a regular berth on the team. He also played for semipro teams in Wilkes-Barre and other Pennsylvania cities. Then he applied for a try-out with the Bushwicks, Brooklyn's crack semipro club.

"I've heard of a lot of ways of crashing the gate," Max Rosner, the Bushwicks' manager, told him, "but this is a new one." Pete took a $10 bill out of his pocket and offered it to Rosner. "Take this," he challenged, "and keep it if I don't make good." He stayed two years.

When he left the Bushwicks Gray paid his own way to a Giants training camp. Before he could show his wares to Bill Terry, then the Giants manager, he was taken sick and had to go home. Terry, who saw him play at Memphis in 1943 and 1944, says Pete should have been given a major-league try-out last year.

IN 1942 Gray got his chance in organized baseball with the Three Rivers (Quebec) club of the Canadian-American League. He dived for a ball during one of the early season games and broke his collarbone. However, he came back to hit .381 in the last 42 games of the season, which was good enough to earn him a try-out with the Toronto Maple Leafs.

Before the 1943 season started, Burleigh Grimes, who was managing Toronto, shipped Pete to Memphis of the Southern Association. Rumor has it that Gray and Burleigh didn't get along, but whatever the reason the transfer was a break for Pete. At Memphis he played under Doc Prothro, a minor-league manager who has been very successful in developing young players. "I learned more baseball from him than anybody else," says Gray.

That first season in Memphis sapped much of his strength and his weight dropped to 155 pounds, but he managed to bat .289 in 120 games. Last year he won the Southern Association's Most Valuable Player Award while batting .333. He hit five home runs, nine triples, 21 doubles and tied Kiki Cuyler's long-standing league record of 68 stolen bases. "In my two seasons at Memphis," he says, "they got me out on strikes only 15 times."

He is proud of the fact that the Philadelphia Sports Writers Association voted him "The Most Courageous Athlete of 1943," also that the War Department sent a crew of cameramen to Memphis last year to take movie shots of him playing ball. These shots were included in a film which also showed how Herbert Marshall, the actor who uses an artificial limb, and President Roosevelt have overcome their handicaps. "I never heard from anybody who ever saw the picture," says Pete, "but I get a lot of mail from servicemen who have lost an arm or a leg. I don't know what to tell them, but I try to answer all their letters."

Gray wears glove with no padding. His little finger remains outside, allowing glove to slide down hand.

Ball is held against his body by his wrist while he tucks glove away under stump of his right arm.

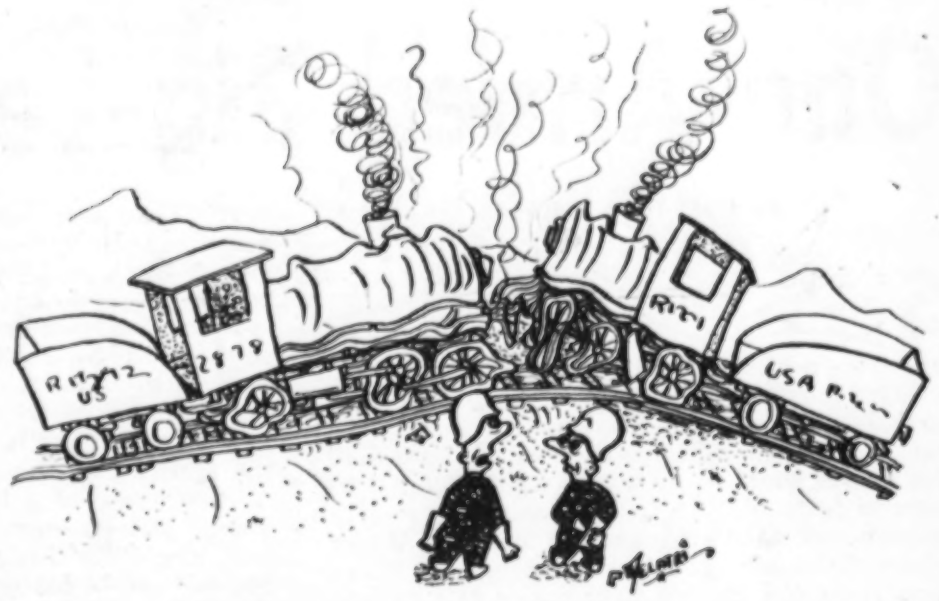
Throw completes the maneuver, accomplished so fast that the camera catches it only in slow motion.

Using a regulation 35-inch, 35-ounce bat, Pete's power is in coordination of wrist, arm and body.

Gray seldom strikes out or fouls off pitches. He usually manages to put the bat squarely against ball.

Cpl. Bob Glueckstein
France

"WATCH—WE'LL JUST GET THE PLACE LOOKING LIKE HOME AND WE'LL GET MARCH ORDER."
—Cpl. Bob Glueckstein



"COUPLE MORE WRECKS LIKE THIS AND MAYBE WE CAN TURN THEM IN FOR SALVAGE."
—Pfc. Anthony Delatri

"I THINK I'LL STAY IN TONIGHT AND WRITE LETTERS."
—Sgt. Arnold Thurm

"GEN. MILLER—MY WIFE. SHE WAS THE BRAINS BEHIND SOME OF MY MOST SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGNS."
—Cpl. Joseph Kramer

YANK

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